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LITTLE STITCHES.

BY E. L.

Oh, thoughts that go in with the stitches
That women so quietly take,
While castles are built with the needle,
And bubbles are rounded to break!

You see, in your kerchief hem, Freshman,
A dotted line fairy and fine;
But see you the prayers, low and tender,
Pricked in with the lengthening line?

Betrothed! as you bend o'er the trousseau,
Absorbed in your rose-tinted dream,
Speak low, as you censure the seamstress
For waver and knot in the seam.

In 'broidery dainty and foreign,
That falls at your waist, can you see
How trembled the hand of a novice,
In spite of the vigil-taught knee?

For throbs of a woman heart smothered,
And cries that no penance can still,
Are lifting the wreath and the roses,
Are echoed from girdle and frill.

Oh, terrible, blood-reddened ladder
Of loops hung on poverty's hands,
Up which goes the foot of Oppression,
To gather gold out of its strands!

Waits yonder no echoing thunder,
No lightnings to smite from the cloud,
When falling tears rust the swift needle,
And thread ties the neck of a shroud?

Ah, beautiful stitches so tiny,
Where brooding love waits in the nest,
In shadow of motherhood coming,
Half fearful, yet consciously blest!

What happy hopes lie in the gathers,
Or lurk in the robe soft and fine?
What buds underneath the leaves silky,
What day-dreams run on with the vine?

No tale can you tell, little stitches,
Such tales as you might, if you could!
From flounces that cover a ball dress
To seams in a holy monk's hood!

FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from
the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE KING'S JESTER.

Once out of the house, the chevalier walked away at a rapid pace. His head on fire, and the blood boiling in his veins, he felt the necessity for violent exercise to calm his excitement. He paid no heed to the direction in which he was going, his mind entirely employed upon the incidents of the strange interview of the evening.

A violent shock suddenly recalled him to what was passing around him at the moment. Absorbed in his thoughts, he had unconsciously turned down one of the narrow and deserted streets in the neighborhood of the Marché-aux-Chevaux. His first movement was to spring backwards several paces; his second, to draw his sword.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he demanded of a man whom he saw before him.

"Ah, monsieur!" replied the man addressed, in a shrill and suppliant voice, "it is heaven that has sent you to my aid! Come quickly!—lose not a moment!—she is dying!"

"Who are you, I repeat!" again demanded Sforzi, still holding himself upon the defensive, for fear a trap should have been laid for him. "On whose account do you invoke my assistance?"

"I am a poor innocent creature—a good Chris-



"THE KING'S JESTER."

tian," replied the man. "My wife is dying, monsieur. Heavens!—time is flying!—she is already dead, perhaps—my gentle Catherine!" The voice of the stranger indicated so keen and sincere a sorrow, that Raoul felt all suspicion of foul play speedily vanish from his mind.

"Monsieur," he said, "dispose of me as you wish: I am quite at your service. If, by abusing my humanity, you lead me into any snare, heaven will punish you. I would rather expose myself to be betrayed than refuse to assist any one who asks my aid. What danger threatens your wife, and in what way can I be of any service to you?"

"Ah! fear nothing; I am the most inoffensive and most honest creature on the face of the earth. I never did harm to any creature in my life. Come with me—come!"

The speaker took Raoul by the hand, set off running with prodigious rapidity, and in a few moments stopped before a house of mean appearance. Raoul remarked that the door stood wide open.

"Monsieur," cried the stranger shrilly, "while I return to the side of my beloved Catherine, will you go in all haste to Bel-Esbat for Monsieur Bernard Albatia, the physician-astrologer, and bring him back here with you?"

"But Bel-Esbat belongs to his majesty," said Raoul; "and if I am not mistaken his majesty is at this moment there. I shall not be able to gain admittance; but even supposing I were to succeed in speaking with Monsieur Albatia, what should I answer if he asked me the name of the person who had sent me?"

"You are right, monsieur; I have lost my wits. Tell the astrologer that it is the Sane Madman who has sent for him. He will understand. As to getting into Bel-Esbat, nothing is easier. The palace is guarded to-night by a hundred gentlemen. Any one of them will instantly conduct you to Dr. Bernard Albatia. Good heavens! in my anxiety I had forgotten to close the door of my house. If any one should have entered during my absence I should be lost. Catherine is so beautiful—so beautiful! They would carry her off from me! What!—you are still there! Fly! fly!"

The strange individual sprang into his house, leaving Raoul a prey to doubt and bewildering surprise. For a moment he hesitated. The extraordinary behavior and incoherency of the language of the stranger made him fancy that he had been accosted by a madman. At length, however, he was carried away by feelings of humanity, and decided on risking the rallery of the gentlemen on guard, in fulfilment of the commission with which he was entrusted. With all speed, therefore, he took his way to Bel-Esbat.

A quarter of an hour sufficed him to reach the *retiro* of Henry III.

After replying to the challenge of the sentinels, on reaching the entrance to the palace, he addressed himself to one of the company of one hundred gentlemen who was pacing to and fro.

"Monsieur," he said, "will you be so extremely obliging as to have me conducted to Dr. Ber-

nard Albatia, his majesty's physician-astrologer?"

"It is altogether impossible for me to do that, monsieur," replied the gentleman, politely. "Orders, the most severe, forbid any one, excepting the Queen-mother and Messieurs de Joyeuse and d'Epemon, to enter Bel-Esbat after nine o'clock at night. All that I can do for you is to send a message to Dr. Albatia, to tell him that a person requests to see him. What is your name, monsieur?"

"Dr. Albatia does not know me," replied Raoul, greatly embarrassed; "but I am sent to him by a person of his acquaintance."

"Then the name of this person?"

Sforzi felt himself on coals of fire; he feared to ruffle the temper of the gentleman who had received him with such exquisite urbanity. Indeed, the only answer he could return must in all probability savor strongly of the impertinence of an ill-timed jest or a mystification.

"Monsieur," he said, lowering his voice, "I am too well assured of your familiarity with political mysteries, to think of entering into any long explanation with you. You will, I am sure, understand me in half a word: I am no more free to tell you my name than that of the person who sends me on my present errand. The least indiscretion would expose me to certain disgrace. I shall be infinitely obliged to you, therefore, if you will cause Dr. Bernard Albatia to be informed that the Sane Madman has sent for him."

"The Sane Madman!" repeated the gentleman in astonishment—"why not? Since France has been overrun by the Italian race, mystery and intrigue reign in the city as well as at Court. The Sane Madman—so be it."

Ten minutes after the departure of this gentleman, a white-bearded man of tall stature, and grave and solemn countenance, came from the Hôtel Bel-Esbat and informed Raoul that he was ready to follow him. It was Bernard Albatia, the favorite astrologer of Henry III.

When the chevalier and the physician were sufficiently far from Bel-Esbat, not to fear being overheard by any of the guards who were moving about the place, Albatia turned towards him.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am at loss to understand why Sibillot has sent you to me. Are you intimate with him? Have you his confidence?"

By the light of the moon which now shone forth unclouded, Raoul observed that Maître Albatia was looking distrustfully at him.

"Monsieur," he replied, "I am absolutely ignorant of the personage whom you call Sibillot. This is the first time I have ever heard the name pronounced."

"What!—you do not know Sibillot?" cried Albatia.

"Not that I am aware of."

Raoul's answer appeared to cause the astrologer excessive astonishment.

During the rest of the way, neither of them exchanged another word. It was not until they had arrived in front of the old house inhabited by the man called by the astrologer Sibillot, that Bernard Albatia broke the silence.

"Monsieur," he said, "I thank you greatly for the trouble you have taken in coming for me this evening to Bel-Esbat. I am your much obliged and very humble servant."

The astrologer bowed gravely to the young man and raised the knocker of the door, Raoul arrested his arm.

"Maître Bernard Albatia," he said, "I am not habitually curious, and do not ordinarily mix myself in the business of others, but I am sensitive on the question of my own self-respect. Now, as what is passing here at this moment appears to me to be somewhat suspicious and worthy of my attention, I intend to ascertain the meaning of this mystery, and of the part I have been made to play in it, so to speak, against my will. I beg you will tell me who this Sibillot is, and what is the danger which threatens his wife Catherine?"

"Monsieur," replied the astrologer, in a constrained tone, "it does not seem to me very generous on your part thus to take advantage of the accident of my having mentioned the name of Sibillot. The danger incurred by Catherine is only such as is perfectly natural, and does not in any way arise out of the commission of a crime, as you may have supposed. I hope that this statement will suffice to remove any doubts you may have, and induce you to abandon the resolution you have just expressed."

"You are in error, Maître Bernard. The man who defends himself before he is accused is rarely innocent. You have used the word 'crime'—that has decided me to enter this house. Not another word, I beg. At the same time I will add that if my suspicions prove to be unfounded,

I will preserve in inviolable secrecy whatever I may see and hear."

Raoul spoke with such firmness, his tone denoted such determined resolution, that the astrologer-physician judged it useless to prolong the discussion.

"I take note of your promise, monsieur," he contented himself with saying. "One question only—have you lived long in Paris? Have you been, or are you often going to Court?"

"I have been in Paris about a fortnight," replied Sforzi, "and I have but once set foot within the Court. Further, I have no motive for concealing my name—I am called the Chevalier Raoul Sforzi."

"The Chevalier Raoul Sforzi!" repeated the astrologer slowly, as if trying to recall something to his mind. "By Jupiter!—was it not you who so roughly handled Monseigneur d'Epéron this morning?"

"I had, indeed, a somewhat warm discussion with Monsieur Lavalette this morning," replied Raoul.

"Oh! then I have no doubt of you," cried the astrologer. "A man who, in defence of his honor, does not fear to brave the anger of the favorite *mignon*, must have his heart in the right place."

"Pardon me one moment, Maitre Bernard," said Raoul, once more staying the hand of the astrologer raised to the knocker, "how have you become aware of my quarrel with Monsieur Lavalette or d'Epéron?"

The physician-astrologer smiled.

"The simplicity of this question doubles the esteem I already feel for you," he said. "What, chevalier!—you perform an action, the bravery of which terrifies the Court—you commit an act of temerity which would make the bravest turn pale, and you have no idea that anybody pays any attention to you! Since this morning, your name has been in every one's mouth! You have produced an enormous scandal—have had an immense success!"

"What you tell me fills me with astonishment, Maitre Bernard Albatia," replied Raoul, thoughtfully. "I could never have imagined that an act so simple and natural as that of a gentleman repelling an insult would have so much occupied the attention of the Court of France. Is it the custom, then, at Paris to kiss humbly the hand that strikes you and bow tremblingly before the whip that is raised over your head?"

"The whips of Messieurs de Joyeuse and d'Epéron are as dangerous as the axe of the executioner," said the astrologer. "To attack one of his Majesty's *mignons* is to attack the person of the king—is to be guilty of the crime of *lèse-majesté*!"

"Marie was right," Raoul muttered to himself; "the Valois is unworthy of the Crown."

At that moment the door of the old house opened, and Sibillot appeared on the threshold. At sight of the physician he uttered a cry of joy.

"Ah, here you are at last!" he cried, in a sobbing voice. "Come in quickly—come in, Bernard; my poor Catherine is dying!"

Sibillot drew Maitre Albatia into the house. The chevalier followed the two friends.

They entered a room on the first floor. Raoul paused on the threshold. A sad spectacle met his view. A woman in the pangs of maternity was writhing upon a miserable bed.

Sibillot rushed to her, took her head between his hands, and kissed her with almost delirious fondness.

"My beautiful—my gentle Catherine," he cried, between his sobs—"here is our good friend Maitre Albatia, who has flown to your aid. You know how learned he is; you have nothing more to fear. Courage, my beautiful!—your sufferings will soon be over."

While Sibillot was thus endeavouring to console and reassure his wife, Sforzi examined his dwelling with as much attention as astonishment.

The wife whom Sibillot appeared to love so wildly, and whom he called his beautiful Catherine, presented a very model of ugliness. Her thin and bony face was formed of an assemblage of discordant features, placed as if by accident; her eyes, dull and void of expression, announced an almost entire absence of intelligence; and, with her voice, harsh and guttural, formed as unattractive an *ensemble* as it was possible to imagine.

The chevalier's surprise was still further increased on observing Sibillot spring towards him with threatening gestures, and crying:

"Do not look at my beautiful Catherine! I forbid you! You will be wanting to carry her off from me! Do not look at her, I tell you—or death! I, who have never done harm to living soul, will seek a sword and kill you without mercy!"

Sibillot, whose height did not exceed four feet six inches, was of a constitution so weak and ailing that a breath would almost have overthrown him. In listening to his threats, therefore, Raoul could hardly suppress a smile. But, observing the poor fellow's real distress, he replied quite seriously:

"Monsieur, the respect I feel for the virtue of your wife is equal to the admiration inspired by her incomparable beauty. I am too honest a man to seek to repay with odious treason the confidence you have reposed in me. The moment you tell me you have no further need of me, I will retire. I am your servant."

At the moment Raoul was leaving the room the astrologer-physician called to Sibillot to hand him a potion he had previously ordered to be given to the sufferer. The poor little man immediately began to tear his hair; in his distress he had forgotten to follow the physician's directions.

"This medicament is indispensable to me," said Maitre Albatia. "See—here is the prescription. Go quickly and wake up an apothecary, and return without losing a moment—for moments are precious."

"Again leave my gentle and beautiful Catherine!" cried Sibillot, in terror. "Oh, no!—never—never!"

"Take care!" said Maitre Bernard; "the case is urgent—the danger pressing."

Sibillot turned pale, and appeared inclined to go; but turning almost instantly, he flung himself upon his knees by Catherine, seized one of her hands, and in a tone that announced a resolution firmly taken, he cried:

"No, I will not leave my Catherine! If she dies, I will die with her; but I will never leave her!—never!—never!"

This outburst of tenderness was so profound as to do away with all idea of burlesque. Sforzi was touched by it.

"Monsieur," he said, "give me the prescription. I will endeavor, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to obtain the medicament of which your wife is in need."

"Oh, how good you are!—how I love you!" cried Sibillot.

Sforzi took the prescription and hurried out. In less than half an hour he returned.

Whether it was that the drug was efficacious, or that nature had assisted poor Catherine, she had hardly taken the draught before she fell into a sound sleep.

"There is now, no mischance to be feared," said the physician-astrologer. "To-morrow my gossip will embrace the infant she has so long desired. Go to your rest, Sibillot; I repeat, all danger is past!"

On receiving this assurance from Maitre Bernard Albatia, and though fearful of disturbing his wife's repose, Sibillot gave vent to his joy. Then he rushed to the chevalier, seized his hands, and, before the young man suspected his intention, kissed them with an expression of passionate gratitude, crying as he did this:

"We are bound together for life and death! Never shall I be able to repay you for the services you have rendered me! If, by any unlooked-for happiness, chance should one day put me in a position to be useful to you, do not forget, I conjure you, that in me you have a devoted slave!"

Overcome by the intensity of the emotion he had endured, poor Sibillot seated himself on the floor, his head supported against the foot of his wife's bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

"Maitre Albatia," said Raoul, "I beg of you to excuse the unjust suspicions I have entertained regarding you. I met you under such extraordinary circumstances. Paris is every night witness of such incredible mysteries, that my distrust easily explains itself. It now only remains for me to take my leave of you."

"I beg you will stay, on the contrary. I have a favor to beg of you, a confidence to make to you." He looked fixedly at Raoul for a considerable length of time. "Chevalier Sforzi," he continued, at length, "I have no need to consult the stars, or to make long and learned calculations, to be assured that I may rely on your discretion; but besides that, my interest imperatively commands me to repose this confidence in you. You are ignorant as to who this Sibillot is. He is the jester of Henry III."

"I was very far from expecting this revelation, Maitre Albatia," interrupted Raoul, with profound astonishment. "Throughout France Maitre Chicot is known as the king's jester."

"Yes," replied the physician-astrologer, "Chicot is as popular as Sibillot is obscure; but, nevertheless, the latter enjoys real credit in the eyes of the king. Sibillot, whom you have seen only under entirely exceptional circumstances, is a very singular personage; you would not suspect his originality. Sibillot—which will strike you as hardly compatible with the exercise of his office—scarcely ever speaks. He answers his majesty by his grimaces. And the fact is, that never before did the human face present such mobility of expression. He expresses himself as clearly with the muscles of his features as an orator may express himself by the use of his tongue. The king sometimes passes entire hours in endeavoring to extract a word from his jester, and it is a subject of great triumph to his majesty when he has succeeded."

"The king is persuaded, and perhaps he is right, that Sibillot's instinct in the recognition of good and bad servants is infallible. Thus, when any person of importance comes for the first time to Court, his majesty never fails to say: 'Companion Sibillot, scent me this gentleman, and tell me, yes or no, whether I may trust him?' Whenever Sibillot perceives Messieurs de Guise, he falls into a swoon. But I pass to that which concerns me. Nobody at Court suspects my intimacy with Sibillot; and it is to his good offices that I owe the favor and confidence with which I am honored by his majesty. I will not conceal from you that, to bring about this end, I have been obliged to employ somewhat underhand means."

"I took certain measures by which I learned the fact of the jester's secret marriage. From that time he has been mine, body and soul. Of his grotesque jealousy I need tell you nothing; you have already seen his behavior on that account. So great is this jealousy that rather than avow his marriage, and by so doing obtain assistance from his majesty, he prefers to leave Catherine in poverty. He is persuaded that as soon as his wife comes to be known, all the great seigneurs of the Court will fall in love with her. It is I who act as the intermediary between them. This is what I wished to tell you, chevalier. I too greatly esteem your loyalty to fear that, by abusing a secret of which

you have accidentally become aware, you will unmask my relations with Sibillot—that is to say, the source of my credit with the king. Good-bye, chevalier. Be assured that I am, and always shall be, devoted to your service."

The confidential communication of Maitre Albatia had the effect of keeping Sforzi awake all night. As soon as it was daylight he went straight to Sibillot, whom he found just opening his eyes, and said to him in a solemn tone of voice:

"Maitre Sibillot, you promised me, yesterday, that if ever chance should put you into a position to be of service to me, you would be my devoted slave. I now come to call upon you to fulfil your promise. You must this very day speak of me to the king, and induce his majesty to receive me in his private cabinet."

"I will do my best," answered Sibillot. "And you, Monsieur Sforzi, will you engage yourself on your oath that you will never attempt to approach my gentle and beautiful Catherine?"

"On the faith of a gentleman, I swear it," replied Raoul, gravely.

"Thanks—thanks, my good Sforzi!" cried Sibillot; "my friend Henry shall receive you!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

CAPTAIN DE MAUREVERT'S PRINCIPLES.

It was broad daylight when Raoul got back to the Stag's Head. De Maurevert was already risen and seated before a plentiful breakfast, awaiting his companion's return, and beguiling the time with reflection, as was his wont.

"By Horta, the goddess of youthful virtue!" he remarked to himself, "it is a delightful thing to be twenty years old! Witness this gentle Raoul, whose heart all the women are laying siege to! And yet, on looking coolly at the matter, the solid friendship of a man at my age is an hundred times preferable to the impetuous but fleeting affection of a girl! Good! I now, instead of rejoicing in Raoul's success, I am going to be jealous of it! A single thought—and this proves how weak men are at every time of life—casts a shadow over my happiness. Ever since I saw Lehardy, last night, the image of Diane has persistently haunted my mind. I see the poor girl weeping, and a prey to black despair!—Why the deuce did she allow herself to be despoiled of her manor of Tauve? No; I am not doing her justice. It is certain that if she possessed all the riches in Christendom, she would not hesitate a moment to share them with Raoul. But it is none the less certain that she has nothing; and therefore pity must give place to principles, tenderness bow to reason. I love Raoul, and desire to see him happy; but how can he be happy without being opulent? No; all points considered, I shall not tell him of my meeting with Lehardy."

De Maurevert had just arrived at this conclusion when Raoul entered the hostelry. The captain welcomed him with a gracious smile.

"At length you are back, dear companion," he said. "I was beginning to grow uneasy at your prolonged absence. *Tudieu!*—this is what I call entering brilliantly on the campaign."

"I do not understand you, captain," said Raoul, coldly.

"Oh, you are not going to edify me with a new relation of the adventure of Monsieur Joseph, the Egyptian? Dear companion, your cloak still covers your shoulders. Come, come; leave aside all dissimulation—useless to yourself and offensive to me. You do not doubt my discretion or my friendship, I presume? What is the good, then, of all this mystery?"

"Captain," replied Raoul, "I swear to you that you strangely misjudge the issue of my last night's rendezvous, with which gallantry had absolutely nothing whatever to do."

"Horns of Beelzebub!—the lady turned out to be ugly—sixty?"

"Not at all, captain. Marie—for this is the lady's name—is, on the contrary, as seductive a woman as it is possible to dream of. Yet, I pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman, I advance nothing that is not scrupulously true, when I tell you that, during the whole of our interview, her sole object was to detach me from the party of the king."

De Maurevert knit his brows, and remained for a long time without answering.

"My dear friend," he said at length, "what you have told me changes the face of the question entirely. Politics in which a woman mixes may have serious advantages, it is true, but at the same time may present very grave drawbacks. One runs the risk of being paid for one's trouble with smiles, tender avowals, and favors of all sorts—none of which are current coin, I beg you to observe. To stake your head—like Messieurs De la Molle and Coconas, decapitated by the hands of the common executioner—to arrive at what?—to be half-loved by an ambitious coquette. That would be playing an idiotic game. The first thing to be done is to find out the real position occupied by this mysterious Marie of yours."

"Stop, captain," quickly interrupted the chevalier. "I have engaged my honor never to attempt to raise the veil behind which Marie hides her name."

"Yes, but I am not bound by the same obligation, my dear Raoul. I can act with perfect freedom."

"True, captain," replied Sforzi; "but as I will not elude the obligation of my word by an unworthy subterfuge, I shall request your permission to decline to answer any question that might put you in the way to find out the truth."

"As you please, companion," said De Maurevert, adding to himself, "Now that I know of

the existence of the house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux, the devil's in it if I cannot find out who lives there!"

While this conversation was passing between Raoul and De Maurevert, a scene, in which the chevalier was deeply concerned, was occurring in the garden of an hotel in the Rue de Paon, in the faubourg Saint-Germain. Diane d'Erlanges, a prey to violent despair, and her face bathed in tears, was seated on a bench. Before her, hat in hand, stood her faithful servant Lehardy, trying in vain to restore her somewhat to calmness.

"I have done wrong to tell you of the chevalier's faithlessness," he cried; "and even in using the word 'faithlessness,' I am deceived, perhaps. At first sight, Monsieur Sforzi appears culpable; but perhaps, if, instead of rushing to you, I had waited to question him, he might have exculpated himself completely. Before being condemned, he ought to be allowed to make his defence. Permit me, my good and honored mistress, for the first time in my life, to disobey your orders, and go and tell the chevalier of your safe arrival in Paris."

"No, Lehardy," cried Diane, warmly. "Do not for a moment think of doing such a thing, which would overwhelm me with shame. Do not be distressed on my account. You see that I weep no more—that I am calm and resigned. I have nothing to reproach Monsieur Sforzi with. I alone have been to blame by attaching a serious import to words which the gallantry of a well-bred man induced him to address to me. I was blinded by my happiness—mad, proud, credulous to folly. It is only just that I should pay the penalty of my weakness and credulity."

"Alas! my good and honored mistress, it is in vain that you try to change the resolution of your heart," said Lehardy, with a sigh. "You know that Monsieur Sforzi loved you; and, suffer me to add, you love him still with all the strength of your soul."

"You think so!" she cried, in a passionate outburst; but almost instantly her face was suffused with a deep blush, and fixing on her servant a severe look, she continued in a determined tone: "Lehardy, I owe it to your sincere attachment, devotion, and to the signal services you have rendered me, to treat you as a friend. Yes, Lehardy, you have guessed truly. I still love Monsieur Sforzi; I think even that, since his cruel treachery, my attachment to him has become redoubled in strength. You see, Lehardy, how frank I am with you; you may trust, therefore, to the unshakable resolution I have taken—of never forgiving Monsieur Sforzi. I do not hide from myself," she continued, "that I shall have to suffer much before coming victoriously out of the struggle; but, thank heaven, my venerated and valiant father has transmitted to me, with his blood, his pride and courage! I may sink beneath the weight of the task I have imposed upon myself; but I shall not falter in my resolve. If sorrow kills me, I shall die with a smile upon my lips. And now, my good Lehardy, in return for the confidence I have placed in you, I request you will never again utter the chevalier's name—never again make any allusion to the past; and, most of all, I desire you will never again hold any intercourse with Monsieur Sforzi. This interview has exhausted my strength. I have need of repose. Do not forget, my good Lehardy, that to disobey my wishes will be to lose my friendship."

Lehardy, scarcely less affected than his young mistress, bowed lowly to her, and silently left her presence. As soon as he found himself alone, the recollection of the suffering she was obviously enduring weighed heavily upon his judgment, and set him reflecting. He was haunted with the idea that Sforzi might be able to exculpate himself; and that, by his precipitation, he might have been the means of forever destroying the happiness of his beloved mistress. At last he determined to incur the risk of her displeasure by seeking the chevalier, and immediately set off in search of him.

At the moment when he reached the Stag's Head, De Maurevert was coming from the door of the hostelry. The sight of the captain made him change his resolution. He thought that as the adventurer was completely disinterested in the matter, he might be able to obtain from him distinct information on the subject of Raoul's conduct.

"By Bacchus!" cried De Maurevert, gaily, "I am delighted to see you, Lehardy. Is your noble and charming mistress in Paris, then? I hope she is quite well."

"My mistress," replied Lehardy, sadly—"is in a truly pitiable state of health."

"Grieving for the loss of her most estimable mother, no doubt."

"And on account of the faithlessness of Monsieur Sforzi," replied Lehardy, fixing a penetrating look upon the captain; "enough, indeed, to send her to the grave."

"What!" cried De Maurevert, starting. "Is the condition of mademoiselle really so serious?"

"Yes, captain; but, between us, I must add that I feel almost sure that, if by any means the chevalier could succeed in explaining away the enormity of his offence against her, she would recover her health as by enchantment."

De Maurevert hesitated. To bring Raoul and Diane together again would be to expose the chevalier to marry a fortuneless girl: on the other hand, to accuse Raoul of being faithless would reduce Mademoiselle d'Erlanges to despair.

"Bah!" he muttered to himself; "sensitivity is a bad counsellor! Principles before everything!" Then, affecting an air of distress, and lowering his voice, he said: "Alas, my good Lehardy, never speak to me of the chevalier!"

His conduct makes me blush with shame. The end of it will be that, one of these nights, he will get himself assassinated by some jealous husband or other. I am, at this very moment, extremely uneasy on his account. Since yesterday evening he has not returned to his lodging."

Lehardy uttered a loud groan, and reeled away, as if stricken with giddiness. De Maurevert watched his retreating form as long as it remained in view.

"*Morbleu!*" he said to himself, "I could not allow my companion to make so bad a bargain. The position of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges grieves me; but what was to be done? I repeat, principles before everything. Besides, no one ever really dies of a broken heart!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PRESENT FROM "MARIE."

During the two days which followed his interview with Marie, Raoul was extremely taciturn, and for the most part absorbed in his own thoughts. The captain also was thoughtful—hardly drank two bottles of wine at any meal, and scarcely indulged in a single oath.

As regards De Maurevert—has not even the strongest man his hours of weakness?—he was decidedly suffering from remorse. In spite of his well-regulated principles—in spite of his conviction that he had acted in the true interest of his friend Raoul—in spite, even of the elasticity of his conscience, he could not but reproach himself for his conduct towards Diane. The image of the poor girl, so cruelly treated by him, haunted him more and more.

"*Morbleu!*" he cried to himself, surprised and alarmed at these feelings of pity, so entirely new to him, "am I awake? What should I care for the sorrows of a sentimental girl deprived of her turtle dove? I am degenerating!"

After this outburst, the captain proved to himself a hundred times that, under the circumstances of the case, his conduct had been altogether blameless, and arrived at this singular conclusion—that he must by all means find Diane.

"Let me once put things as they were at first," he said to himself, "and then I will let them take their course without troubling myself further about them. It is not probable that the weeping of Diane will be able to stand against the experienced passion of the golden-haired Marie. I shall bring about the same results, therefore, without giving my conscience the right to crow over me."

With Captain De Maurevert, action speedily followed thought; thus, he had no sooner resolved than he set to work to discover Mademoiselle d'Erlanges.

Raoul was deeply troubled. At the idea of Diane exposed to the infamous pursuits of the Marquis de la Tremblais, he became torn with rage, and burning tears flowed from his eyes. The chaste and lovely image of Diane struggling in vain against her cowardly and odious persecutor, appeared to him surrounded by the glory of the martyr; and he fell upon his knees and invoked for her Divine protection.

The day following that on which Raoul had visited Marie at the small house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux, De Maurevert, harassed by fatigue, and after having employed his morning in fruitless researches, returned at two o'clock—that is to say, punctually at dinner time—to the Stag's Head.

The two friends, on entering the common dining-room of the hostelry, greeted each other with a simple nod of recognition, and seated themselves side by side without exchanging words. Sforzi was afraid of calling forth the rancor of the captain; and De Maurevert, on his side, was fearful of awaking, by any imprudent remark, his companion's suspicion as to the treacherous part he, De Maurevert, had played in regard to Diane.

The meal was finished, the customary diners had all taken their departure, and no one remained in the dining-room besides Raoul and the captain, when the landlord entered and addressed himself to the chevalier:

"A servant, monsieur, dressed in an assumed—or, if you prefer it, in a brick-dust colored livery, requests to be allowed to see you without delay."

"Let him come in," said Raoul.

A man about forty years of age, whom the chevalier immediately recognized as the servant who had conducted him to Marie's presence, presented himself.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, "I have been directed to convey this into your own hands. My mistress begs you to wait until you are alone before opening the parcel."

Sforzi was about feeling for his purse, to reward the servant, but whether it was that the prospect of receiving a gratuity hurt his pride, or that he had received strict orders in the matter, the messenger bowed to Raoul and hastily left the room.

When the two companions of fortune found themselves alone, both, by a simultaneous impulse, raised their eyes and looked at each other fixedly.

"My dear Raoul," said the captain, sadly, "I see that my presence incommodes you. In what way have I put myself out of favor with you?"

"My dear captain," replied Sforzi, blushing, "your reproaches are unjust."

"Unjust! No, my dear Raoul, they are but too well-founded. Up to the present time, one of your greatest merits has been frankness; do not lose this precious quality. Say to me boldly, Captain De Maurevert, as I am a gallant man, I shall faithfully fulfil the conditions of the

treaty which unites us; but you must look upon me only as a partner, not as a companion." This language, though it will cut me to the heart will at least permit me to esteem you."

In pronouncing the last words, the voice of the captain, ordinarily so rough, was singularly softened; his look, habitually so impudent and mocking, became almost tender; his eyes glittered with the brightness of a rising tear. Sforzi was touched by the sight, and seizing one of the captain's large hands, wrung it warmly.

"My dear De Maurevert," he cried, "if you knew the agitated state of my mind, instead of accusing me, you would give me all your pity."

"Then you are still my dear friend Raoul?" demanded the captain, eagerly.

"Certainly I am."

"In that case—open this parcel at once; I am burning to know what it contains."

Raoul, somewhat regretfully, perhaps, resigned himself to obey. He unfastened a bow of ribbon, with which the silken envelope was artistically bound, and drew forth a short velvet cloak, richly embroidered, and ornamented with jewels and magnificent lace.

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed De Maurevert, "if the Queen-mother were still at an acceptable age, I should not hesitate to attribute to her the merit of this truly royal gift! Let me admire this marvel, dear Raoul!"

The captain shook the cloak to take out the creases; a purse fell from it on the floor.

"Gold!" cried De Maurevert, transported with joy. "By Plutus, it is a long time since I have enjoyed so agreeable a surprise!" He seized the purse and shot out its contents on the table, which he instantly proceeded to count with a truly wonderful celerity.

"Two hundred sun-crowns in gold!" he cried. "The Queen-mother wishes to make up for her age! Two hundred sun-crowns!—dear Raoul, it's enough to turn one's head!"

The chevalier was very far from partaking the transports of the captain. A deep blush suffused his face, his brows were knit, his eyes flushed with anger.

"Am I then a beggar?" he exclaimed, dashing his hand so violently upon the table as to make the gold pieces upon it dance, "that she ventures to treat me thus! Does she look upon me as of so little account that my life and honour are to be at her command at the price of a few paltry pieces of gold? Oh, Marie!—you whom I thought so far superior to the great ladies of this miserable Court—why have you done this?"

"Raoul! Raoul!" cried De Maurevert, staring at him with a look of almost wild astonishment, "I cannot find words to express my sense of your black ingratitude. My tongue is impotent to describe my surprise and indignation!"

"Silence, captain, I beg!" interrupted the chevalier, violently. "Your sophisms can weigh nothing against the cry of my outraged conscience and my insulted honor. I feel a sincere friendship for you, De Maurevert; but you know that there are times when rage completely masters me. Do not, by your shameful advice, drive me to forget my sworn engagement to you! Do not condemn me to eternal remorse! Silence, I say!" he continued, seeing that the captain was disposed to interrupt him. "Have pity on me!"

A long silence followed. It was De Maurevert who renewed the conversation.

"My dear Raoul," he said, "in bowing to your anger, and in giving way to your threats, I have given you the greatest proof of my friendship it is in my power to give."

"Thanks, thanks, captain!"

"I ask no thanks—I merely state a fact; but now, if you please, chevalier, let us put an end to this painful discussion. If I understand you, your determination is to refuse the admirable cloak and the two hundred crowns sent you by Marie?"

"Captain, this question!"

"There is no occasion for you to lose your temper in answering my question with a simple 'Yes' or 'No.' As I am exceedingly fond of proceeding in all matters with order and method, I repeat my question—is it not your determination to refuse the admirable cloak and the two hundred crowns sent you by Marie?"

"It is, captain."

"Very well. Then, in my opinion, the restitution should be effected without delay."

"No doubt."

"In that case, will you charge me with the commission?"

"You! Why you, captain?"

"Because I am certain to carry out your intentions properly—which, in passing by the lips of a hired messenger, or a servant, would run the risk of being distorted in some regrettable manner. I imagine, Raoul, you do not suspect my trustworthiness?"

"A thousand times no, captain!"

"If you accept my offer, then, I pledge my word to act loyally in regard to the said restitution."

"I would accept your offer with pleasure, my dear companion, if it were in my power to do so," replied Raoul, after a moment's reflection; "but you forget that the unknown, or Marie, has my promise that I will reveal to no one the mystery of our meeting."

"There is no difficulty in that, chevalier," replied De Maurevert. "I know perfectly well the house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux."

"What!" cried Raoul, with extreme surprise—"you, too, know it?"

"I, too, know it," replied De Maurevert, lowering his eyes modestly.

"And you did not tell me?"

"Like yourself, I was bound by an oath, Raoul. You accept my offer then?"

The chevalier's only answer was to push the

clock and purse over to De Maurevert, who doubtless fearing that Raoul might change his mind, seized the precious objects, and scarcely giving himself time to pass his sword into his baldric, hurried from the dining-room of the Stag's Head.

(To be continued.)

DANDIES v. MEN.

It is generally conceded that the prettier a woman makes herself the more credit is due to her. It is accepted as the natural order of things that she should spend a large portion of her time before a mirror, and in devising means to enhance her attractiveness. So long as she makes herself beautiful, minor imperfections, such as vanity, unthriftiness, intellectual shallowness, and indolence can be readily forgiven her. At least, so judges the world. A few philosophers unsparingly condemn this view, perhaps, declaring that its effect is to make woman a mere toy and plaything, incapable of lofty aspirations or earnest work, but the murmurings of these thinkers seem to affect no one but themselves, and fail to induce any visible alteration in public thought. Many who grumble at women do so, not because women give much time and trouble to their self-adornment, but because they do so to little purpose. They may regret to see them aping such a malformation as the Grecian bend, but they would not think it a pity if the personal inconvenience endured by the actresses were gone through with a more satisfactory result. Thus it may be said that women are privileged beings, and that they are not, at any rate, thought the worse of because they exhibit a great deal of conceit, and go out of their way to attract attention. Simple compassion is felt for them when, in their endeavor to display a great deal of finery, and by so doing, indicate the length of the purse from which they may freely draw supplies, they encumber themselves with a load which is difficult to bear, and look something like travelling mountebanks. The case is very different so far as men are concerned. An over-dressed man, at first sight, conveys the impression to nine beholders out of ten that he is a brainless puppy. The whiteness of his well-kept hand is intuitively deemed a reproach rather than a credit to him. When most people look at his fine clothes they murmur a statement that he would be all the better if he were stripped of them, and placed in such circumstances that he would have to work hard to gain his daily bread. The reason for all this is that it is universally felt that man was made for use, not ornament, and that he is not doing his duty either to himself or those by whom he is surrounded if he is not engaged in some active sphere of usefulness. It aggravates the man who works to look at the man who is able to get along in the world, clothing himself in the finest raiment, surrounding himself with all the beauties and comforts which art and science can produce, and living upon the fat of the land, without doing anything at all. It is not the sight of rich ladies reclining indolently in luxurious carriages so much as the vision of extensively got-up dandies taking their ease, which rouses the advocate of communistic principles to a state of absolute frenzy. The latter argues that it is monstrous he should be compelled to labor in order that the former may be in a position to abrogate all that is manly in them. Allied to this feeling of indignation there is one of thorough contempt. Your man of communistic proclivities feels that he is in all respects superior to the kid-gloved dandy, and that it is only by a peculiar combination of circumstances, arising from the fact that our social system is radically at fault, that his enemy maintains his position of superiority. It is argued that were the two placed somewhere where they had both to depend upon their own efforts it would quickly be found that the dandy would prove himself what he is, a useless encumbrance. Possibly the dandy may be, in nine cases out of every ten, effeminate and not over-burdened with brains, but there is no doubt whatever about one fact. He commands a certain amount of respect. Even your socialist will, almost in spite of himself, become rather awed when he is brought in contact with a dashing specimen of the order. He will assume a conciliatory tone, he will adopt an humble mien, and he will submissively give in to the man whom he professes so greatly to despise and loathe. He hates himself because he so acts; he heaps denunciations on the head of him who extorts an unwilling homage when he escapes from the sphere of his influence; but the "fine feathers," added to the manner which the "fine feathers" help to sustain, are too much for him to hope to combat openly and successfully.

Perhaps all this is owing to the fact that pronounced dandyism is supposed to represent a certain amount of wealth and a certain social status. Certainly, to the circumstance that fine clothes exercise such an influence, we owe the possession of so many men in our midst who ostentatiously ape the dandy, who may be said to study but one art, viz., that of dressing themselves. When it is evident to the most obtuse that the man whom the little arabs of the street look after and call a "swell" has a manifest advantage over the individual who clothes himself in a very ordinary fashion, it would be surprising if many men did not undertake the rôle indicated. There should be no mistake in judging dandies. They are of two distinct classes. The one is led to act as

he does because he is innately conceited, and is so addle-pated that he can appreciate but one fact, viz., that it is only by extravagantly overdressing himself he can hope to attract any attention, favorable or otherwise. Perhaps he imagines that he has a good figure, which should be seen to the best advantage, or perhaps he wishes to be taken for one of the aristocrats of the community. But, whatever be his ostensible object, his conduct has its rise in overweening vanity, and is a tacit confession that he has no faith in his own powers. The other class is actuated by different motives. A man feels doubtful about his position, which, naturally, he desires to sustain. It is not surprising, then, that he is led to ape the eccentric foppishness and lavender-water style, which is, probably, affected by many of those with whom he desires to associate. Thus, in this case, dandyism is a means to an end. A better one might be chosen, no doubt, but still the fact is as we have stated. Many who attempt to play this little game come to grief. It is impossible to avoid noticing the startling incongruities of some men's attire. Flashy everything is, but then one portion is positively shabby and dirty, while the other is simply remarkable for its brilliancy and new look. Moreover, there are often little evidences showing that the actor really does not know how society requires a man should be dressed. The reason for this is very simple. The class now under notice are of imperfect education, and their early training has been received amidst associations not calculated to enforce a knowledge of the proprieties.—*Liberal Review.*

A ROYAL SWINDLER.

Prince Charles of Leiningen, a not very distant relative of Queen Victoria, was convicted at Mannheim, in Germany, on the 9th of April last, of theft and forgery, and sentenced to a brief term of imprisonment in the penitentiary. The prince is a fine looking man, about thirty years of age. During ten years he has run through with a fortune of 1,000,000 florins, visited every country on the globe, and been a guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle, until his extravagance finally utterly ruined him, caused him to commit crime, and sent him to a convict's cell. His cousin, Prince George of Leiningen, is now a member of Queen Victoria's household, and among the correspondence of the prisoner were found autograph letters from most of the sovereigns of Europe. About ten years ago Prince Charles set out on a journey round the world. He visited North and South America, and upon his return, published a volume of sketches, several chapters of which were devoted to New York and Boston. He next took up his abode in Paris, where he was connected with the Comte de Grammont, Caderousse, and other spendthrifts, and like them became a confirmed gambler. In 1866, he had barely one hundred thousand florins left, and returned to Baden, his native country. His family tried to make him marry the daughter of a wealthy nobleman, but he abruptly married a French ballet girl, Petrelle Jonuva, who soon helped him to get through with the remainder of his fortune. When he had nothing left, the heartless woman deserted him, and the prince became very poor. His relations almost disowned him, and when he was on the brink of starvation, they settled on him a life rent of twelve hundred florins. The Prince, however, resumed his former habits, and before long he had pledged nearly the whole of his life rent until the year 1880, for loans. Learning this, his relatives declared publicly that they would not have anything further to do with him. Thenceforth, Prince Charles became a regular confidence man, and finally a common thief and forger. He would order goods from distant cities, and in many instances his aristocratic name was sufficient to make them execute the orders. In this manner he obtained many valuable articles, which he at once converted, at ruinous rates, into cash. Finally the police cautioned merchants against him, and then the prince became a shop lifter. He was caught in the act at Karlsruhe, in January last, and sentenced to two weeks' imprisonment. The light sentence was undoubtedly due to his exalted rank, and a clear violation of the law. After serving his two weeks in prison, the degraded young man went to Baden Baden, where he insinuated himself with a poor widow, who entrusted all her savings, amounting to two hundred florins, with him. As security he gave her several spurious certificates of deposit, which, upon being examined, were found to have been forged. During the trial the president asked him why he had not tried to make an honest living. "What was I to do?" asked Prince Charles back. "Work," replied the president. "Work!" exclaimed the prisoner scornfully; "my high rank does not permit me to work."

A SCOTCH postmaster, puzzling out a very uncertain superscription to an Irish letter, jocosely remarked to an intelligent son of Erin who stood by, that the Irish brought a hard set of names to Scotland. "That's a fact, yer honor," replied the Irishman; "but they get harder ones after they arrive here."

A FASHIONABLE young lady accidentally dropped one of her false eyebrows in her opera box the other evening, and greatly frightened her beau, who, on seeing it, thought it was his moustache.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

BY GEO. MACDONALD.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;

You stare
In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So deep
On a heap,
Of cloudless sleep,

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed: she was there again!

On high,
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind—"I'll blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim,

"With my sledge
And my wedge

I have knocked off her edge;
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will sooner be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone,

In the air,
Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the sky stars shone,
Sure and certain the moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;

On down
In town,

Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar,
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;

But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;

For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
And broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,

And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,

A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I?"

With my breath,
Good faith,

I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength am I?"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;

For high
In the sky,

With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—Good Words.

ADVENTURES WITH PIRATES
IN THE CHINA SEAS.

BY W. R. K.

Pirates and buccaners have long been strange in Western waters. But in the far East "robbers of the sea" are still too common. Having just seen an account of an encounter of the boat's crew of one of Her Majesty's ships with pirates in the China seas, I think your readers may like to read some recollections of my own adventures in these same seas, now many years ago.

On the 8th February, 1858, whilst lying at anchor in Hong Kong harbour, we heard of some pirates being in the neighbourhood. I therefore, in compliance with orders received, proceeded on board a gunboat, and placed myself under the orders of her commander, having two boats of the flagship to which I belonged under my charge, and accompanied by two midshipmen and an assistant-surgeon from the same vessel. Weighing our anchor we ran through the western passage, and steered for the island of Lintin, where we had reason to believe we should find them. However, before we reached the island we saw a junk close under the land, so altering our course we gave chase. The crew of the junk, seeing that they were chased, endeavoured to escape, but being unable to round a point of land, they ran their craft on shore, and before we could come up to them escaped.

Leaving a party of men on board her with orders to follow, we again directed our course for Lintin. As we approached the land we kept a sharp look-out for junks, but not a thing could we see, and after going round the back of the island we were about to give it up and return, when we espied, as it were, a white pole, which, on a closer inspection, seemed to be the mast-head of a large junk, or lorcha, which was moored in Snug Creek, the entrance to which we could not for awhile discover. However, on pulling in with the two boats we made out the entrance, which was so narrow that we had to toss oars on going in, although it opened into a nice harbour with a village at the head of it. Off this village lay the lorcha, whose white mast-heads had betrayed her snug retreat. The pirates, however, had been too sharp for us, for both village and lorcha were deserted.

Going cautiously in to guard against surprise, we boarded the vessel, which we soon got under way and towed off to the gunboat, where we made her fast for the night. On searching her we found her to be an English vessel which the pirates had captured. Her cargo consisted of wines and spirits, besides a quantity of other goods. She had several guns mounted, and was well found in all respects. Of the crew we could learn no tidings. They had probably been murdered or otherwise disposed of.

Having placed a sentry over the liquor, with a corporal in charge of the vessel, we went on board the gunboat and made all snug for the night, and as the accommodation on board those vessels is somewhat limited, we "pricked" for a soft plank, and were soon fast asleep.

Soon after midnight we were aroused by a fearful yell from the lorcha astern. To jump into the boat alongside and haul-to the lorcha by the hawser and scramble up her side was the work of a few moments, when a sight presented itself which makes me laugh when I think of it. The sentry and the corporal were both calling loudly for assistance, saying that "the pirates were upon them" and had knocked them down repeatedly. "There!" said the sentry, as we looked in vain for the enemy, "he has knocked me down again!" and sure enough he was down, when we discovered the true state of affairs. The corporal and the sentry had broached the cargo, and had been making a night of it, and were not so steady on their legs as they might have been; in fact, they were both very drunk. There was some swell on at the time, and the lorcha was rolling considerably, while the main boom of the vessel, having been badly secured, had broken adrift and was swinging from side to side, and had knocked down first the corporal and afterwards the sentry, who, in their drunken stupidity, had imagined the pirates were assaulting them, and they had raised the alarm. Placing them both under arrest, we sulkily returned to the gunboat, where we slept unmolested for the rest of the night. Next morning we got under way, and with the lorcha in tow returned to Hong Kong.

A few days afterwards I was fortunate enough to be again sent after some pirates who had committed several murders and robberies at a place called Mrs Bay, to the northward of Hong Kong. On this occasion I again had charge of two boats, and with them repaired on board another gunboat of a larger description than the other, to act in conjunction with but under the orders of her commander. Passing through the Lymoon, or eastern passage, we encountered a heavy cross sea, which caused the gunboat to pitch and roll tremendously, and impeded by the two boats which she towed astern, made but slow way through the water. The vessel rolled so heavily that the 68-pounder gun broke adrift, but was promptly secured without doing any damage. On entering Mrs Bay the water gradually smoothed, and we steamed between the numerous islands which here abounded, disturbing immense flocks of wild fowl, but seeing nothing of the game we were in search of. By sunset we had pretty well explored the west corner of the bay without success, and we began to think that our informers must have misled us. They, however, seemed so positive, and pointed to some likely-looking spots on the chart, that after a consultation we determined to have a further search for them on the morrow, and with that view came to an anchor for the night.

Next morning at daylight we weighed anchor and stood farther into the bay, threading our way through a perfect labyrinth of islands and creeks, where any number of piratical junks could lie hid and carry on their games with impunity. We were approaching an island called Grass Island, behind which we were assured we should find some of the vagabonds secreted, so we arranged a plan in order to cut off their retreat. The gunboat was to go round one side of the island, while I with my two boats proceeded by the other. Accordingly we separated; we had not gone far before we observed a small junk apparently making her escape. This we chased and captured without difficulty—her object was clearly to act as a decoy and lead us in another direction. Leaving a small guard on board her, we pushed on in chase of a large lorcha which we observed standing out from the land, and evidently attempting to escape to sea. In this she would certainly have succeeded, as there was a strong breeze blowing and she sailed well, while our boats were propelled by oars only, but that the boats were so placed as to cut off her retreat. As we neared each other we perceived her decks to be crowded with men, and also that she carried several large guns. On coming within range, any doubt as to her character was dispelled by a shower of grape with which they favoured us, a compliment we were not slow in returning from our

brass twelve-pounder howitzer. Seeing escape impossible, and apparently not relishing a closer acquaintance, the Chinaman quickly altered his course, and steered boldly in towards the shore, with the evident intention of running his craft aground; nor could we frustrate the clever manoeuvre, though pulling as hard as we could to get alongside. The pirates managed their vessel beautifully. The wind was blowing dead on shore, and a heavy surf was breaking on the rocks, when just as we expected her to strike, and already amongst the breakers, they let go two anchors, and the lorcha immediately swung round with her head to seaward, whilst her stern grounded on the rocks. The crew then effected their escape over the stern and scrambled up the hills in the rear; but some of them were drowned in the attempt, and not a few dropped by the shot which we poured upon them. Being anxious to get on board the lorcha, I approached as near as I dared to go in the pinnace, the larger boat of the two, and then got into the cutter, which was a handier boat in a surf. Dropping our anchor some distance out, we veered in, till we were able to jump on board, but not before the boat had been nearly swamped in the attempt by a heavy sea which broke right over her filling her up to the thwarts with water. As soon as we were safe on board, the boat hauled off into deep water, leaving some half-dozen of us on the vessel. We at once proceeded to search the ship, which proved to be a fine craft fully equipped with guns, swords, pikes, etc. We found one of the crew who had not had the courage to trust himself to the sea. We made a prisoner of him, and then went down below to search the hold, where we discovered a poor old fellow, a Chinese fisherman, who had been taken prisoner by the ruffians some days before. He was chained by the neck, arms, and legs, to the bottom of the ship, and had been tortured two or three times. Having satisfied ourselves that there was no one left on board, and finding that the rocks were coming through her sides, I gave order to set fire to the vessel, which was done, and we then hailed to the boat to come and take us off. This proved no easy matter, as the sea had increased to such an extent that it was dangerous to approach. They made the attempt, however, and had to haul off again with the water over the thwarts.

At this moment two small Chinese fishing-boats came in sight, and seeing our position they most gallantly came in to our assistance. Each boat had one man in it, but their frail craft were no match for the elements, the sea tossed them about like nutshells; one of them was speedily dashed upon the rocks and the other split to pieces against the bows of the lorcha, while the two poor fellows disappeared to rise no more. The crew of the cutter now veered breakers astern, hoping that they might drift upon us, but they did not come within our reach. The doctor, who was in the boat, took his coat off, and would certainly have jumped overboard to swim to us with a line, but I begged him to remain where he was rather than uselessly to sacrifice his life in such a vain attempt. In the meanwhile the flames had spread with great rapidity, although we had set fire to that part most remote from where we were standing in the bows. The whole of the stern and midships were enveloped in a blaze, which was working its way forward to where we were assembled. The rocks also had beat through the vessel's bottom, and it was evident she could not hold together much longer. Our position at this time was most critical; the flames were so close that we could scarcely bear the intense heat; the magazine we knew to be well stocked with powder, and I expected her to blow up every minute. Before us was a raging surf. We were all huddled together in the bows, six in number, including the prisoner and the old man we had saved. At this awful moment I told the men that if any of them thought that by jumping overboard they might catch hold of some of the lines towing from the boat they might do so. Swimming to the shore was quite out of the question. I could swim myself, but one or two of them could not. Two of them availed themselves of the permission, and throwing away their rifles they plunged overboard, preferring the risk of being drowned to the certainty of being blown up. I was thankful to see them reach the ropes and hauled safely into the boat. The coxswain and I were now left with the prisoner and the old man, who was so weak from starvation as to be utterly unable to help himself. The crew of the cutter now made a last desperate effort to reach us, and approached so close that we all sprung overboard, and were dragged into the boat. We then manned the boat's cobbles, and hauled her off with the water up to our waists in the boats. We had not got more than fifty yards from the lorcha when she blew up with a terrific explosion, the burning spars flying far over our heads, and covering us with splinters and burning wood, which fell hissing into the sea around us. I should have much liked to have saved this fine vessel, which mounted fifteen guns, one of them a thirty-two pounder, but it was impossible.

We had no sooner disposed of this awkward customer than we espied another junk making her escape up a creek. We at once gave chase to her. The crew deserted on our approach, and we took possession of her. She was an old craft, mounting only two guns, and had evidently once been a trader. Leaving the prisoner on board with a couple of hands in charge, we proceeded to join the gunboat, which we could hear firing at the back of the island. We soon came in sight, and found a spirited action going on between the gunboat and two large heavily-armed piratical junks moored close in shore off

a village. This place was evidently their nest, and they seemed determined to defend it to the last. It appeared that the junks had commenced the action by firing on the gunboat as soon as she came in sight. On going alongside the gunboat I found her gallant commander in his shirt-sleeves directing and firing his big gun, which was pouring forth a brisk fire of shot and shell upon the enemy. Our arrival with the doctor was most opportune, as we found one man badly wounded and requiring medical attendance, while our crew were also able to assist in working the big guns, which were firing at a distance of three hundred yards. The Chinamen fought well and responded most heartily from some forty guns of all sizes. The junks mounted about twenty guns apiece, all of which were transported to one side of their vessel, so that every gun could be brought to bear upon us. Both junks also were crowded with men. The action had gone on for some time, our fire doing great execution, but theirs being ill-directed and generally over our heads, when a shell exploded the magazine of one of the junks, which immediately blew up with a tremendous explosion, sending masts, guns, and men into the air. We thereupon gave three rattling cheers, which were answered by yells of defiance from the other junk, whose crew, nothing daunted by the fate of their comrades, fought more desperately than ever. Presently, however, the fore magazine of this junk also exploded, blowing up the fore part of the vessel and killing a great number of her crew. The remainder then jumped overboard and made for the shore. We then pulled in with the boats, landed, and burnt the village which belonged to the pirates. The first junk was burnt to the water's edge, and of the second nothing remained but part of the stern, which with a few guns remained above water.

By this time, being both tired and hungry, we returned on board the gunboat and piped to dinner. Whilst enjoying our frugal meal, we observed great numbers of Chinamen come down to the burning junks, no doubt to see what they could pick up. Not caring to molest them, we sat and watched them, when suddenly the after magazine of the last junk blew up, sending the greater part of them into the air together.

After dinner we endeavored to recover some of the guns, but without success, as they had mostly sunk in deep water, and we had no time to attempt to get them up again, so taking a few which were lying in shoal water, we returned on board and soon afterwards got under way for Hong Kong.

As we steamed away we observed numbers of the pirates who had escaped from the lorcha watching us from the hills. We might perhaps have captured some of them, as, being on an island, they could not well have escaped; however, we had given them a pretty severe lesson, and darkness was coming on, so we deemed it prudent to leave them unmolested. We towed back the two small junks, which were, however, of no value, and arrived at Hong Kong during the night. Had we been able to capture either of the two large junks which we destroyed, and which fought so well, we should have made some money by them, as they were most valuable vessels, their masts alone being of considerable worth. As it was, we got the thanks of the admiral, and afterwards of the Admiralty, for our exertions, and a Liberal Parliament voted us the munificent sum of £180 to be disturbed amongst us.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,

OF MONTREAL.

It was a lovely day in early autumn, weather that seemed to invite all to come forth and enjoy it; but there was one who did not notice that, nor anything else, as she sat in her bedroom in the pretty home to which her husband, Dr. Longford, had brought her some twelve months before. Yes, there sat this young wife, with everything apparently around her to promote peace and comfort, her head resting on a table, weeping bitterly.

Mrs. Lucy Longford was a *petite*, bright-looking woman, with dark flashing eyes, full of meriment; yet at times there was a quiet look of determination about the piquant face which showed there was a greater depth in her nature than could be casually observed.

Mrs. Longford was true and loving, yet there was one fault which obscured the lustre of this little lady's character, that was—shall I whisper it?—jealousy; not that she had ever had cause to doubt the devotion of her husband, but it was simply a characteristic weakness.

More than an hour had elapsed since Mrs. Lucy had become so deeply grieved, and the cause, it could be seen, was a note which she held in her hand and glanced over every now and then, as if to discover something further; then, after such inspection, came another burst of tears.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" moaned the young wife. "Oh! that Harry should have been so deceptive! My dear mother, would that you were alive to counsel me. I cannot bear it; I must act, and at once."

At that moment a faint wail from an infant in a corner of the room made Mrs. Longford rise and approach it. Stooping down, she took up a little bundle of muslin, lace and ribbons

from which a tiny pink cheek could be discovered.

Mechanically the young mother attended to her darling's wants, and then laid it back in its cradle and resumed her seat.

Taking up the note, she again read it. The contents were as follows:

"MY DEAR HARRY,—

"I am very sick to-day, and my little pet is also far from being well. I have been wishing to see you for some particular reason, and have been disappointed at your not coming for so many days. Do come soon, for you know, Harry, that you are all in this world I have except my poor little unfortunate one, and your presence is always like a ray of sunshine to my weary heart.

"Yours affectionately,

"EMILY."

"Yes, yes," sobbed the young wife, "Harry's perfidy is too plain. It will be of no use asking him about the note; it is an undeniable fact. There is one who thinks she has a claim on my husband, whom he has wronged and saddened the life of. That Harry, whom I believed the soul of honor, should act thus is terrible. I loved him too much; I made him an idol, which was wrong. Yes, I must go away before he comes back this evening. I cannot see him again; I could not bear to look upon his face; I would wish to die were it not for my babe; but I will hasten to make preparations."

Thus soliloquizing, Mrs. Longford sat down and wrote the following note to her husband, enclosing the one she had found:

"HARRY,—When you receive this I shall be far away. The note I enclose I found, directed to you, open on the floor this morning. Your duplicity has been a severe shock to me. I could not stay to see you again, nor will you ever behold me or your child more. You need not seek me.

"Farewell for ever,

"LUCY."

The mistaken creature rose, and, selecting a few necessary articles for herself and child, put them in a valise. She next inspected her purse; it was less than she had thought, but it must do. What cared she now for anything, reckless and frenzied as she was?

Placing the note which she had written on her husband's desk, she was prepared to go forth and battle the world. As she looked around at the familiar things, which she was going from for ever, she sighed heavily, and her resolution almost failed. Then came the serpent jealousy, and the doctor's wife was strong again.

Going down stairs quietly, with her baby in her arms and her valise also, unknown to her servant, who was busy in the kitchen, she hailed a cab which was passing and drove to the railway station. Fortunately a train was just starting; she bought a ticket for Montreal. Getting in the cars, she arranged herself satisfactorily, the whistles blew, the train commenced to rumble, and soon Mrs. Longford was steaming away from husband and home.

Now, for the first time since the finding of the unlucky note—now that the excitement was abating—Mrs. Longford began to think whether she had done right or wrong; not wrong in leaving—that she did not blame herself for—but in not speaking to her husband first, and hearing his justification on the point. She consoled herself that that would have been useless, for she would not have believed what he said to her. But it was too late, at all events; the die was cast, and she would abide by it. She pictured to herself her husband's return, his consternation and grief, for she thought her husband loved her, notwithstanding his deception, but his love was worthless to her now, since jealousy had taken possession of her mind.

Perfectly exhausted at last from overwrought feelings, Mrs. Longford went up to the top of the seat, and drawing her thick veil closely around her face, she laid her head against the side of the car and went off into a dozy stupor, from which she did not arouse until the stopping of the cars in the depot, and she was at her destination.

It was late that afternoon when Dr. Longford got home, for he had been detained all day with a serious case, and rattling home in his buggy, how he thought of his darling wife and child, and how glad he always was now to return to his "heaven of rest."

As he entered the hall, he missed the bright face of his wife, and seldom was that the case, as she always went out to receive him. He imagined she must be in her bedroom, and ran up stairs. Not finding her, he rang the bell and made inquiries of the girl.

"She went out and took baby, sir, and never gave me any orders about dinner."

The doctor was perplexed. He had never known his wife act like that before. Up into the bedroom again he went, and then his glance fell on the note directed to him. Tearing it open he turned ghastly pale, and sank down in the nearest seat.

"Fool that I have been not to have destroyed this letter. I have done wrong in not telling her all. She was so childlike and innocent, no wonder she was exasperated on seeing that note. If I had only returned before she had left all would have been right, but perhaps I will have trouble to find her, and my life is a blank without her."

The doctor sat still for a moment or two, then, as pale as marble, he rose, put on his hat, and went out.

From one house he hurried to another with inquiries, suppressing his agitation as well as he could, not wishing his wife's jealous impetuosity

to be known, if possibly he might find her. But all his search failed, of course, for no one had seen a lady of the name nor description leave the station, for Lucy had tucked up her hair, which she always wore in loose ringlets on her shoulders, and substituted her servant Mary's thick shawl and hat for her own dainty bonnet and handsome cloak, thereby becoming a different looking individual to what her husband must have particularized her.

The little woman, inexperienced as she was in the world, had certainly managed her tactics cleverly.

When Dr. Longford found that nothing more could be done he went home.

"Oh! Emily, my sister," he muttered to himself, sitting there in his desolate home, "your note has brought trouble on me; yet it was my fault in not having told my Lucy all concerning myself."

Some years before Dr. Longford had seen Lucy Manver, a terrible blow had fallen on his family. A younger and beloved sister had eloped with a villain. It was some time before she was discovered; then it was her brother Henry who traced her in a neighboring township, ruined and forsaken.

He brought her and her unhappy offspring home, and endeavored to effect a reconciliation with his father and mother, but they were inexorable, desiring him never to mention her again.

It was not long after that Dr. Longford saw Lucy Manver, and in a short time she became his wife. In mentioning his relatives he never reverted to any others but those to whom she was introduced; even after marriage, dearly as he loved his young wife, he could not bear to mention his sister even to her, nor tear away the veil thrown between her and the world; but now he deeply regretted that he had not confided all to his wife. Regrets were, however, useless, he knew. All he could do was to wait for some trace of her, or hope that her indignation might abate and she would return to him. Month after month sped away, and found matters the same—no trace of the missing wife. Dr. Longford had become a cold, stern-looking man, so different to what he was before his sorrow. He longed for change of scene, anywhere from the familiar scenes, but his sister tied him there, for she was fast sinking in the grave, both she and her babe, and she clung to him so touchingly he could not leave her.

A few months, however, later found the desolate ones provided for in a better sphere, not however before Dr. Longford had prevailed on his parents to forgive their erring daughter, and to soothe her last moments.

After all was over, Dr. Longford determined to leave where he was and go to Montreal, hoping that in a busy city a brighter, more cheerful life might spring up for him.

Five years have passed away. Dr. Longford had begun to have a good practice, but his inmost life was still sad and unsatisfied. A rumor of his misfortune had reached the city, and many a sympathizing glance and sigh was given to him by the gentler sex.

It was a cold, frosty evening in the commencement of winter. Dr. Longford had just come in after a hard day's work, had put on his slippers and was ensconced in his arm-chair by the cosy fireplace, when a rapid peal on the door-bell roused him to attend to it.

It was a call to see a female, who had "fallen in a fit," the messenger said. It was at a boarding-house in the neighborhood, and the doctor knew it well, having been often there.

In a few moments Dr. Longford was in the streets again.

On reaching the place he was taken up-stairs to a garret room, where he found a female lying on a bed unconscious, while some women were using their endeavors to restore her. Dr. Longford put every one away, and went up to the bed, and after some examinations, pronounced her only in a swoon, not a fit.

The usual remedies which were resorted to speedily brought back consciousness.

The room had been very dimly lighted by a small lamp, but another lamp being brought into the room, the light flashed suddenly on the bed, revealing the features of Lucy Longford to her astonished husband. Thin and haggard she had grown, yet there was no mistaking her.

For a moment the doctor staggered back, then he exclaimed impulsively:

"Lucy, my darling, my long lost wife, I thank God I have found you."

He clasped her in his arms, the fragile form on the bed.

Mrs. Longford, who was lying in a semi-conscious state, opened her eyes at hearing her name pronounced, and wider still when she found herself encircled in the doctor's arms, and endeavored feebly to extricate herself.

"Lucy, my wife," he again repeated.

This time it seemed to arouse his wife, for she started up with a cry.

"Is it Harry, my husband? Ah, heavens!" and fainted away.

Restoratives soon brought her back to consciousness, and after remaining quiet a short while, and the room being now vacated by the astonished lookers on, Henry Longford poured into his wife's ear a full confession of the unhappy cause of their separation, while Lucy listened eagerly; then came the finale:

"You acted wrong, my wife, in leaving me without seeking an explanation, and I was equally wrong in concealing it from you. So, my precious one, we will mutually forgive each other, and endeavor in a new life to forget the past; and I hope, my darling, this will forever cure you of jealousy."

Lucy, between sobs and tears, promised to redeem the past.

"But there is one thing I cannot redeem, Harry. Our boy is no longer here. He died from want of proper care, I think. It nearly killed me, the loss of him; he dwindled away without any visible sickness until he came to the end. I now see that it was a punishment on me for my wrong-doing. I have had a life of work, care and conflict to sustain this poor frame; I know not how I have borne it, but had this not come to pass this evening, I, too, should have been soon gone."

In two hours Lucy Longford was once more in her husband's home. If bliss can be experienced in this world, surely it was by the reunited couple that evening and many a succeeding one, when, seated on the couch, with her husband's sheltering arms around her, they mutually told each other their sufferings and trials in those bitter years of absence from each other.

Time floats quietly on with them now, and gradually a little troop is forming around them; but still Lucy Longford never forgets her first-born, and it is almost the only drawback to her happiness, for often she may be heard to mutter:

"Ah! it was my fault that he died."

SALMON STAIRS.

The discovery (for it deserves to be called an important discovery) of the fish-pass, which is now capable of letting fish so easily over mill-weirs or navigation-weirs without abstracting water from the mill or navigation, is due to the late Mr. James Smith, of Deanston in Scotland, who had a mill-dam on the river Teith, near Stirling, and who, like many other millers, took great interest in watching the habits of salmon, when jumping at his dam and trying to get over it. He thought of several plans in order to facilitate the passage of the fish without hurting his mill, and he did what most beginners do who have engaged in this problem—he made an inclined plane on the down-stream face of his dam. His dam was about ten feet high, and he made an inclined plane about 240 feet long on the incline, having its head cut below the top of the dam. His own account of the result is highly interesting, for it throws light on mistakes constantly made, with the same results, even to this day:—"I found that the water, in consequence of being allowed to flow without any check down the inclined plane, acquired so great a velocity at the bottom that no fish could stem it; and that whilst it acquired the great velocity, it had, by its rapidity, become so small in depth that there was not sufficiently of water to cover the salmon unless when there was a flood in the river. When I found from experience that this did not suit the purpose, and when I saw the salmon attempting to get up and constantly thrown back, I immediately set about to consider some mode to insure their passage, and I commenced by making some experiments with loose boards. I drove spikes into the jointing of the paving, and rested the boards across on them, and placed them somewhat in the form of steps one above another. When I first began to do this, I put in only a few boards at the bottom with a view of trying the effect of them. It was then in the spawning season, when the fish were very desirous to run up, and the river was in about an average state of water. A few hours after I had put down these boards, I found a number of salmon on the different steps, some on the first step, some on the second, and some on the third; and they were making repeated attempts to ascend the channel farther, but were generally forced back in consequence of the great force of the water. I then had a continuation of the boards made to the very top up to the notch in the dam, and I found that the fish ascended with apparent ease. The steps were about eight feet from one to the other, and they did not go right across the channel. Each alternate board came from the opposite side, and they ran about two-thirds across. There is a pool and an eddy at each to assist the salmon to ascend. By having this kind of ladder it is possible to reconcile the interests of salmon fisheries and the interests of the owners of the mills. By the opening at the head of the ladder being lower than the general surface of the dam, if there is any water at all to spare from the flowing of the mills, it is quite sure to come down the channel and stair."

—Edinburg Review.

A SENSITIVE WOMAN.—The pursuit for information is sometimes attended with difficulties, even in San Francisco. One inquirer, who applied to the *Chronicle* for information as to where Cain obtained his wife, is cruelly rebuffed, the only reply vouchsafed him being this: "Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity regarding the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life. For these reasons, and because we do not wish to injure the feelings of the relatives of the deceased, we decline to answer the question."

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LOMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Colonel Symure looked nervous and restless as he sat by the side of Marguerite d'Auvergne. He was much embarrassed, and quite at a loss how to commence talking to her on the subject he had so much at heart.

"Mademoiselle," he said, falteringly, "I was so rude as to watch the expression of your face during the time when Major O'Moore was speaking—relating his adventure with the bushranger."

Marguerite lifted her eyebrows a little, and colored deeply.

"Yes?" dropped she, her face slightly averted from his.

"Yes, mademoiselle; and I am become impressed with an idea—doubtless a very foolish one—that you feel some interest in this Red Hand."

All the color at once vanished from the listener's cheeks and lips, and her gaze fell instantly.

"I? Really! Wherefore should you so think, Colonel?" half-laughed she, a nervous contraction pulling down the corners of her mouth, showing how ill-inclined it was for mirth of any sort.

"It is a strange fancy of mine, is it not, mademoiselle?" he added, speaking in syllables scarcely above his breath, in syllable earnest as anxiety could make them. "Yet it still clings to me, notwithstanding all my endeavors to thrust it aside. You will, I fear, deem me a very weak man; but if I dared tell you all, mademoiselle—if I could but confide in you, and win your sympathy—the sympathy of a beautiful and amiable woman—how relieved and solaced I should feel."

Marguerite moved uneasily. She felt uncomfortable with her companion, whom she was beginning to think a little demented, and would have been glad to find some pretext for quitting his side. She did not want the gentleman's confidence, but she could not be so rude as to tell him so; therefore she sat silent and ill at ease, wondering whether the Colonel had drank too much wine, or whether he had ever had a stroke of the sun, that he should be thus conducting himself so very strangely.

She glanced at him. His features were pallid, almost rigid, and his hands were wringing each other in a mute but terrible agony.

What did all this mean? asked Marguerite of herself.

They were sitting in the curtained recess of a large bay-window, and no one was near enough to overhear their conversation. The night was lighted by a brilliant moon, and the ladies had strolled into the wide veranda, and were talking amongst themselves. Presently the gentlemen entered from the dining-room, and Marguerite, seizing on this opportunity, was about to rise, when the Colonel gently detained her.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, in a whisper made tremulous by the intense excitement of his feelings,—“mademoiselle, I am attracted towards you by a mysterious and irresistible force, which it is impossible to combat against. I must reveal to you my soul's anguish! Great heaven! I have no one to whom I can pour out the terrible secrets of my breast! Have, then, some pity on me, and lend an ear to the history of my sufferings! I shall have no need to ask you for compassion when you are acquainted with the cause of all my distress and trials."

And Colonel Symure drew a deep breath, and wrung his fingers more tightly than before, while Marguerite's eyes were fixed upon the ground.

"Say that I may confide in you, mademoiselle," continued he, large drops of perspiration standing out upon his brow, the muscles of his face all working. "I see truth impressed upon your beautiful countenance, and I dare trust you, and only you, and only you can I ask to give me counsel!"

Marguerite was becoming still more uncomfortable in the society of the Colonel, and her looks betokened the state of her feelings.

"You do not mistake my meaning, I hope, mademoiselle?" he said. "I am an old man, and it is of my son I would speak!"

"Of your son?"

"Of my son, mademoiselle—my only child!" he answered, the words coming from his lips as a groan of pain from a victim on the rack.

Most decidedly the Colonel was crazy, or fast becoming so, Marguerite thought within herself.

"You do not ask me where my son is, mademoiselle! Oh, that I could tell you; but he is an outlaw—Red Hand is my son!"

"Red Hand!" she echoed, unguardedly.

The Colonel laid his fingers on his lips, and by a look checked her further speech.

Marguerite's bosom was heaving quickly, and her respiration was thick and hard.

"You are shocked—horrified at your proximity to the unhappy parent of the bushranger—eh, mademoiselle?" he inquired sorrowfully.

Marguerite was trembling violently. She could not command her voice to answer him. Her heart was whispering to her a secret—a secret that was filling her soul with shuddering horror.

Red Hand Colonel Symure's son! She could not credit the wild tale. The Colonel must be insane, and this was one of his delusions.

She raised her eyes, and fixed them on the white face before her. Her gaze was expressive of deep sympathy and sorrow.

"I know what you are thinking, mademoiselle," pursued the Colonel, sadly shaking his head; "but you are wrong in your suppositions. I am sane enough, thank heaven! Though, when you learn all I have gone through, the gnawing remorse which has been eating me up during the many past years, you will wonder how I have managed to retain my senses, how I am alive to-day. You know my secret, and you will keep it, I am sure; for I am not talking to a frivolous girl, to one who will repeat my story to every listening ear. I am trusting a woman full of honor and goodness—one who will lend me her wise and womanly counsel in this life's saddest strait."

Marguerite was wholly bewildered. She thought she was in a dream, and she was wishing that her father or one of the guests would come to her and arouse her.

"I see, mademoiselle, that you are much perplexed," he went on. "You cannot bring yourself to credit what I have told you—it is too terrible to credit, is it not? You cannot understand how I, Colonel Symure, am the father of Red Hand, the outlaw, eh? Well, it is a somewhat long story, but I shall relate it to you one day, ere long; but in the meantime, I would solicit your advice as to the manner I ought to act in order to snatch my son from all his guilt and misery. What would you do, had you a lost child, or brother, mademoiselle? Would you not move heaven and earth in order to get him back again? Where is he—where is he? Oh, if I could only discover his abiding place, I would crawl to it upon my bended knees. Ay, convict though he be, I would do that much, and more—much, much more, only to reach his side!"

After musing for a few seconds, Marguerite spoke as follows—"Come to me to-morrow, early, Colonel, and then we shall be able to converse freely upon this painful matter. Here there is danger of our being overheard by some one," she added, rising. "Remember! to-morrow, early."

And, waving her hand, Marguerite left him, crossed the *salon*, and mingled with her father's guests.

She tried to talk, but her tongue refused its office, and her voice seemed to have left her entirely. She sat down to the piano, and played—she knew not what, for the keys she touched uttered nothing but discord in her ears—wild, screeching, unearthly dissonance, which sent a thrill through her whole frame, and caused her brain to throb as it had never throbbed till now.

She looked around with troubled thoughts. In her sight, everybody and everything had suddenly become changed. How they had become so, she did not comprehend; she only felt that neither persons nor things appeared as they had appeared to her only one short hour ago.

She did not know that it was in herself alone that this alteration had taken place.

The rest of that evening was torture to Marguerite. She was longing to creep into the silence of her chamber, to be alone with her own harassing thoughts, which were bent on one object, on one object only.

Marguerite slept but little that night. Her pillow was as if made of thorns, she so tossed on it through the weary hours. In vain she closed her eyes and sought to woo repose. There was a face haunting her, a voice in her ears, that drove all slumber from her.

Until now, she had not dreamed of the state of her feelings, and it was with a shuddering terror that she learned to fully comprehend their state now.

She moaned, and pressed her fingers over her scorching eyeballs, feeling confused and unutterably wretched. She could hardly realize the events of the past evening; the Colonel's strange and unlooked-for revelation, and the woful knowledge that had flashed upon her mind.

"Well, brigand though he be, he has gentle blood in his veins," she exclaimed, within herself, seeking an excuse—one of the weakest in the world—for loving him.

Yes; Marguerite d'Auvergne loved Red Hand! She, a woman, well-born, beautiful, pure, and good, loved the bushranger—the man with a price set upon his erring, guilty head. She could no longer hide the fact from herself, and she did not attempt to do so.

No; she tore it forth and confronted it resolutely, saying to herself as she did so, "I must overcome this weakness, otherwise it will overcome me."

Then she laid her face in her hot palms, and felt how difficult was the task she had imposed upon herself. But prudence pointed out the path she ought to pursue, and she would endeavor to walk in that path. She knew that she would have to encounter much obstinacy of heart in this matter, that the feelings within her were not such as could be easily uprooted or thrust aside. How little she had been aware of her real state till now! Her eyes seemed to have been opened to it quite suddenly. What would her father say were he to become acquainted with her egregious folly—her madness? She, a d'Auvergne, to fix her affections on one whom she dared not name! Oh, heaven! there was distraction in the mere thought of such an act on her part.

But, thank heaven, none but herself had any knowledge of her sentiments, of the passionate throbbings in her bosom. Her love was a secret which must not be revealed, which must be hidden securely in the inmost depths of her soul. There was some consolation in the assurance that none could reflect on her folly. Whatever she might have to endure, she would have to endure alone. She did not require any sympathy, any confidante. Marguerite must silently bear the great trouble she had pulled upon her own head.

Had Marguerite had a mother, matters might have been otherwise with her. For between daughter and father, no matter how dearly they may love each other, there never can exist the same entire confidence as between daughter and mother. Women thoroughly understand women's feelings—their best feelings—and it is only natural that the daughter should unveil her bosom's secrets to that parent who most resembles and comprehends herself.

At an early hour on the following day, according to appointment, Colonel Symure came to Casurina Villa. He was received by Marguerite, who was looking much paler than her wont, wearing an air of excessive weariness and misery.

But her visitor did not note her appearance in the least: his mind was too full of thoughts of his son, to pay much observance to any other subject.

It was with amazement that he listened to Marguerite's intelligence respecting Red Hand; to her graphic account of how her father and herself became acquainted with the dashing outlaw, his friendly treatment of them, and lastly, his late hazardous visit to Sydney in the open face of day.

"And you gave my boy an asylum on that terrible night when he was being hunted by the agents of the law?" the officer exclaimed. "Heaven bless you, mademoiselle, for that act! Some strange power drew me towards you, and unresistingly I yielded to that power, and made you acquainted with my grief. And now will you aid me in finding his abiding-place? I must seek him, and, making myself known to him, as far as I can, exert a parent's influence over him and endeavor to snatch him from this lawless, perilous, sinful life of his. In what part of the country did you encounter the unhappy man?"

"At a place called Snake Gully, some two-and-twenty miles hence, beyond Parramatta. That is all that I can tell you, all the clue I can give you to his probable whereabouts."

"But Monsieur d'Auvergne might possibly be able to afford me further information concerning him. You say that your father resided with Red Hand for several days; such being the case, monsieur can, doubtless, describe the locale of his abode, and how I could discover it. Come! What say you?"

Marguerite hesitated for some seconds.

"Papa must not be trusted in this affair," she said, decidedly. "In many ways it would be unadvisable to seek his assistance; it is needless to explain wherefore, since he is in the employ of Government, and consequently is not quite the master of his own actions."

"I understand—I understand."

"If I were a man, now—"

"You would aid me?"

"Ay, with my whole heart and soul would I!" she answered, earnestly.

The Colonel seized Marguerite's hand fervently.

"What is to be done, mademoiselle; can you not advise me what to do?" he cried.

"It is difficult to give counsel in this matter. I have heard my father say that it would be next to an impossibility to find out Red Hand's home. The police have long been endeavoring to do so, but all their seeking in this respect has been vain: Red Hand's retreat is naturally protected in many ways; and, stranger as you are to him, you would risk much in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of that retreat."

"Yet must I do so at every hazard."

"You must go unattended, remember."

"Yes, yes, I comprehend," nodded the Colonel. "I can go in the mail-coach, or by the boat, as far as Parramatta; thence, after asking my way to Snake Gully, I must make my quest on foot, and alone."

Marguerite shook her head gravely.

"I do not wish to discourage you in the least, but I must say that I do not anticipate any successful result to attend your enterprise."

"Nevertheless, it must be made—I feel it must. I should go distracted quite, were I not to make every effort in my power to save him. I have a duty before me—a parent's duty—which I must lose no time in endeavoring to perform to the very utmost of my power. Listen to my tale, and then judge how much I am deserving of all good men's condemnation. Ah! far greater sinner am I than he the outlaw! On my unhappy, guilty head heaven has hurled a just, but terrible vengeance! Listen."

And as briefly as possible Colonel Symure narrated to Marguerite the history of his life. He hid nothing, neither did he attempt to excuse anything he had done. He told her a plain and truthful tale, and left her free to blame him as he merited.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Colonel Symure reached Snake Gully early on the following day, and then he thoughtlessly plunged into the bush, and made his onward way.

In his travelling-wallet he had a flask of brandy and a few biscuits; and thus scantily provided, he commenced his most wild and dangerous quest after the hapless Desmoro.

The Colonel being a stranger in the colony, was also a stranger to the bush and all its perils. Heedlessly he journeyed on; plunging out of one thicket into another, wading across creeks, climbing high cliffs, struggling through gorges, tearing his way onwards, wholly ignorant of whether his steps might lead him in the end.

For three hours the Colonel pursued his useless search; then, overcome by the heat, and faint from fatigue of both body and mind, he sat down by a narrow stream, and sought to refresh himself by a slight rest, a biscuit, and a sip from his brandy flask.

He leant his back against the foot of a giant woollybutt, around whose trunk clung ponderous clusters of staghorn fern, and looked up at the blue heavens, seen at intervals through the vaulted foliage. It was a spot of peculiar beauty, verdant and cool, where the grassy-leaved vines twisted themselves from tree to tree, from branch to branch, festooning each and all with flowery garlands.

The Colonel felt drowsy, and gradually slumber stole upon him, and softly sealed his eyelids.

He had but little repose on the night preceding, and now exhausted nature yielded to necessity, and he slept soundly.

The Colonel did not awake until the sun had sunk, and gloom was gathering around.

He rubbed his eyes, and started up in some alarm. He was vexed with himself for having thus permitted sleep to overcome him, for having been beguiled to waste his precious time, and he was wondering in what direction he should turn his steps before blinding darkness should entirely shroud the scene.

Look whichever way he would, he could see nothing but the thick and interlacing branches of trees. Which way should he turn? Alas! he knew not, for he was surrounded quite by inextricable confusion and perplexity.

His heart sunk in his breast. He was a soldier; nevertheless, he was quite capable of feeling fear.

He had never reflected upon the possibility of losing himself in the bush; but he was now just beginning to think that he might not be able to retrace his way, and that the growing darkness might overtake him, and keep him where he was until morning.

He did not like his position, so he tore onward, but without any positive hope of being able to free himself from the entanglement around him.

Meanwhile the gloom quickly thickened (the twilight is of short duration in these latitudes), and the Colonel, unable to proceed further, sank down in utter despair.

He was benighted, and he had only to make the best of that fact. Of course he did not feel inclined to sleep now, having already been refreshed by a long slumber. Nevertheless, he stretched himself at full length, having no thought of native dogs, of snakes, or any other noxious reptiles, or savage animals.

Weary, weary hours were these to Colonel Symure; but, appalling as was his position, he could not alter it in any way.

Towards morning he fell into an uneasy sleep, from which he awoke stiff and shivering. And again he partook of some biscuit; but, alack! where, where was he to procure a draught of cool water?

He had left the margin of the creek, and knew not in which direction he could regain it. His lips and throat were parched, and he was longing to lave his tired limbs in some limpid stream.

He strode on wards. He had no idea whither. He was only hoping for the best, and praying that heaven would assist him, and lead his wandering steps into the right path.

On, and on, and on he went for two long hours; yet the scene was in nowise changed. To his right and to his left, behind him and before him, there was nothing but the bush, the apparently interminable bush, and no sight whatever of water.

The Colonel wrung his hands, and asked himself what he was to do. Thrice he raised his voice and called aloud, but there came no answer to his cry save what a mimicking gobbler sent him out of a neighboring gum-tree.

He looked around, hoping to find something that would quench his burning, maddening thirst, and seeing some native currants, he at once pounced upon them, and was much refreshed by their tart juice.

Then forward once more he proceeded, measuring miles and miles, yet making no visible alterations in his immediate surroundings.

He looked at his watch, but as he had neglected to wind it up on the preceding evening, it had stopped. As far as he was able to guess, it was now about four o'clock p.m.

He was waxing hungry, and his biscuits were all gone.

Hungry, thirsty, weary both in mind and body, and lost in the bush! Truly, Colonel Symure was in a most terrible position. But he did not entirely give way—he still travelled on, not continually in one direction, but first to this point, and then to the other. Too late, he perceived the folly and danger of his undertaking, and too late he regretted it.

By-and-by, utterly exhausted, he threw himself on the earth, and moaned aloud. He was faint and sick—fairly famishing for lack of food and water. He looked about for some more native currants, but he saw none, and he had no strength to search further for them.

The sun had been intensely hot all the day, and the air was stifling. But Colonel Symure felt nothing but the great gnawing at his vitals, the scorching, maddening thirst that was his.

The shadows of eve were approaching, and

the wanderer lay stretched on the ground in a state of half-stupor.

And so another and another night passed away, and afterwards another day broke upon the world.

The Colonel rose and crawled away, once more in quest of native currants; but he could find none, nothing that was eatable; so he gave up the search, and laid himself down to die, as he thought.

He grew quite lightheaded, and then he lost all memory of where he was, and of everything else beside. Thus he lay the whole of another night, and the following morning found him near to his end—speechless, insensible, and seeming scarcely to breathe.

And all this while he was close to food and water—close to Desmoro's retreat, and knew it not. The rivulet, by the margin of which he had stopped to rest during his first day's journey, was a continuation of that same creek which flowed in front of the bushranger's dwelling. From first to last, the Colonel had done nothing but walk over and over the self-same ground; and it was fortunate that he had done so, else he would have been out of all reach of succor from the friendly hands of one whom Providence led to the spot where the starving man was lying, apparently breathing his last.

When Colonel Symure reopened his eyes to consciousness, a strange and unexpected scene met his amazed gaze. He was in a lofty and spacious cavern—a sort of domed apartment—lying on a rude couch, made luxuriously soft and comfortable with opossum rugs. At a short distance from him was seated a man, stitching away at some masculine garment or other, apparently deeply absorbed in his task.

The Colonel did not move, or utter a sound.

He was too much astonished to do either one thing or the other. He was looking about him, and examining his unknown companion, who presented a somewhat strange appearance, being habited in garments much too large for his lank and angular figure. His face wore an expression of melancholy and of restless anxiety; he appeared to be always on the alert, always listening, as if in expectation of the arrival of some one.

After watching the man for some time, the Colonel turned round on his couch. The noise he made in so doing aroused his companion, who rose at once, and approached the soldier.

"Where am I?" demanded the latter.

"Yer was almost dead when yer was brought here, yer was, mister," was the evasive reply. "And now look at yer, as brisk as a bee, pwty nigh."

"I ask you where I am."

"Lor, so yer did, mister! But it's a 'markable fact that I dunno where I myself is. Ah! yer may stare, mister; but, as sure as eggs is eggs, I've told yer the truth!"

"I don't understand you," returned the gentleman, in the utmost perplexity.

"Ah, I don't wonder at that! There's a precious good deal in the world that I don't understand!"

"How came I here? Perhaps you will be kind enough to elucidate that mystery for me?"

"Yer was brought here, mister."

"So much I presume, since I did not bring myself here."

The man made no reply, but, filling a pannikin with some sort of drink, presented it to the Colonel.

"What is it?" asked he.

"Grool, it's called," answered the man, in a self-satisfied tone; "and real good stuff it is for any one that's sick," added he. "There's lots of sugar in that bag, mister,"—pointing to a sugar-bag near at hand—"and ye're quite welcome to it, I can tell yer."

"Thank you—thank you! What's your name?"

"Neddy, sir!"

"Neddy—what?"

"Nothink else, sir!"

"You are driving me nearly crazy with all this evasion!" burst forth the Colonel. "Tell me—tell me where I am!" he continued, in excited syllables.

"Take care—take care, Colonel Symure, I beg!" spoke a strange voice at this moment; and following these words, appeared a form of almost herculean build—a form owning a face of great manly beauty.

The Colonel started, and uttered a sharp cry—a cry of astonishment and joy.

"Aha, you remember me, my good friend?" said the new-comer, in accents full of gentleness. "I also remembered you the very instant my eyes fell upon your face. 'This is the man who befriended me!' cried within myself. Now let me repay for all we did for me. And I picked you up, flung you across my shoulders, and brought you to my chateau, which I hope you admire, eh?"

"You are Red Hand?"

"Behold the sign!" rejoined the other, holding up his crimson palm. "You recollect me?"

"I do, Desmoro Desmoro!"

"Eh? Where learned you my own name?"

queried the bushranger, in considerable surprise.

"Where learned you mine?"

"A question for a question! Very well, Colonel," laughed Red Hand. "I searched your pockets, and made myself fully acquainted with their contents, amongst which were two letters addressed to Colonel Symure, which I remembered to be your title."

At this point, Neddy disappeared to attend to his several domestic duties, and the soldier and the bushranger, the father and son, were left alone together.

Colonel Symure trembled violently, and a dense dew started out upon his brow. Here he was, close to his son—close to that son of whom he was in search! Oh, how his heart was beating; what joy had suddenly sprang up before him! But how should he reveal to Desmoro the secret of his parentage? How should he tell him that he was not Desmoro Desmoro, but Desmoro Symure?

"I am rejoiced to see you so far recovered, Colonel," proceeded the bushranger. "I do believe that I'm one of the best doctors in existence. I've cured you almost by magic. Thank heaven, I have had it in my power to make a slight return for the signal service you once had the manly generosity and feeling to accord me. You once preserved my life—I have now preserved yours; but still I am your debtor to a large amount."

The Colonel's lips quivered. He tried to speak, but he could not command his voice to utter a word. He felt quite unmanned.

"And how do you feel?—but I forget you ought to be kept quite quiet for a time—You were lost in the bush? There I go again, teasing you with questions when I ought to hold my peace."

The gentleman watched the bushranger with an earnest, all-absorbing interest. He felt ready to start up and catch him to his breast—this fine handsome, stalwart fellow, who, even in his rough habiliments, looked grand enough to sit upon a throne. He wished that he could touch his hand, robber's though it were—that he could clasp it within his own two palms, and weep over it.

"I do not think your bed is comfortable," continued the bushranger. "Let me adjust it for you," he added, approaching the Colonel's couch as he spoke. "I fancy I am one of the best bed-makers in the world. Practice has made me perfect, you see," he concluded, with a light, careless laugh.

The Colonel was sitting up; he was feeling very stiff, and very faint, and his eyes, with a hungering expression in them, were fixed upon Desmoro's face.

"Are we alone?" the gentleman demanded, in tremulous accents, his manner full of strange wildness.

The bushranger looked at his guest, thinking his question somewhat odd, and that he was, perhaps, a little light-headed.

"We are alone; Neddy will not trouble us with his presence again until he is called for," the host answered, kneeling by the couch and arranging the rugs on it.

"Let—let me look at your left hand," said the Colonel, in the utmost excitement.

The bushranger, in amazement, extended it. Then there was a stifled, agonized cry, and the Colonel was lying on his face, with Desmoro's hand pressed close to his lips.

The bushranger was speechless with amazement, wholly unable to comprehend the scene.

"Forgive me—forgive me!" cried the Colonel, in abject syllables. "Can you do so, Desmoro?"

"My name again!" returned the bushranger, in great perplexity. "You confuse me, Colonel! What have I to do forgive, and where did you learn my legitimate title?"

A moan was the only reply. "Speak—speak, Colonel, I implore you!" continued Desmoro, his mind full of vague alarm.

"I was in search of you, when I lost myself in the intricacies of the bush."

"You were in search of me, Colonel?" repeated the outlaw; "I am becoming more and more confounded. In search of me! Wherefore, in heaven's name?"

"Oh, you will curse me—you will curse me!"

"Curse you!" repeated Desmoro, utterly bewildered by his guest's extraordinary manner and speech.

"Ay, for I am your most unhappy father!" the Colonel replied still grasping the bushranger's hand, and holding it close to his burning, quivering lips.

Desmoro sprang up and stood transfixed—still, as a figure of stone—with bleached features and starting eyeballs. But, suddenly, a sharp cry broke from him, and the hand held by the Colonel was rudely snatched away.

Then there ensued a silence of some few moments. Colonel Symure was lying on his face, and Desmoro was standing, his arms folded across his chest, his head drooping on his breast.

Presently, a man's loud sobs burst forth, and the Colonel's frame was convulsed with strong emotion.

Still Desmoro did not utter a single word. He felt as if in a dream—a wild, improbable dream—out of which he had not the strength to awake himself.

At length, the Colonel, raising himself, spoke again.

"I do not wonder at your amazement," he said, very sadly, "or that you should doubt the truth of my words; and believing them, turn from me in scorn and detestation, for I deserve such treatment at your hands. Yet I deprecate your mercy! Oh, Desmoro, my son—my lawfully begotten, and only son—pardon the wretched man who has so wickedly neglected the sacred duties of a parent!"

Colonel Symure had delivered himself in a broken voice, his eyes overflowing all the while, his frame shaking with the violence of his mental anguish.

The outlaw sank into a seat, his eyes fixed vacantly on the ground.

"Desmoro!" uttered the Colonel, entreatingly.

"Hush! I am trying to realize this sudden

and unexpected piece of intelligence. Oh! it is surely impossible that you, a man of proud birth, holding an honorable position in the world, can be the father of Desmoro, the convict—of Red Hand, the bushranger? Colonel Symure's brain is vexing him with delusions, which will soon pass away and be forgotten."

"Delusions! You think my mind disturbed, and that my words are like bolts of nothing, shot at nothing? I think I can convince you otherwise. Years ago, when you were attached to a certain company of actors, then performing in a place called Braymount, did you not receive a letter from one who represented himself as possessing an intimate knowledge of your father, asking you to meet him at a certain place?"

"Letter—in Braymount?" repeated Desmoro, reflectively. "No, I received no such communication; had I done so, I should have attended to it."

"The missive I allude to was entrusted to the hands of the very man who was in pursuit of you on the occasion when you sought the shelter of my roof."

"Pidgers!" half-shrieked Desmoro. The Colonel shook his head, saying that he could not remember the man's name; and then he proceeded to describe his appearance, and his manners, and all he knew about him.

"Tis the villain, the heartless hound, whose purposely blundering testimony, on the occasion of my trial, was the cause of my condemnation—of the condemnation of an entirely innocent man. What I am, I have been cruelly made—convict and robber, both—heaven help me!" Desmoro added, with a groan.

"And I alone am to blame for it all," returned the Colonel. "I, your most unnatural father—I, who deserted you, my first-born though you were! But offended heaven has poured down its wrath upon my head. I have deeply suffered for my wrong-doings—I am suffering for them even now. Oh, Desmoro, Desmoro! abandon this lawless life, and fly with me to England! I am not a wealthy man, but all I have shall be yours, my son!"

The outlaw held up his left palm. "There is no flight hence for Red Hand!" he replied, in saddened tones; "he is a doomed man!"

"Not so, not so," rejoined the Colonel, earnestly. "I have interest with Government, for I have done my country some little service, and that interest shall be exerted for my son."

The bushranger listened silently, and with a drooping head. Then the Colonel proceeded to narrate to him all the particulars of his own weary life, and wherefore he had been led to act as he had acted.

And the parent's tale won the sympathy of the son, who breathed no single reproach, and no longer refused to acknowledge his father, and received his paternal embrace.

Both of these men had been yearning for something to love; for something to make existence dear to them, and now it seemed as if that longing had been attained.

"My own boy!" cried the Colonel, his hand resting on Desmoro's shoulder. "How I love thee!"

The bushranger shuddered, and shrank from his father's caressing touch. Desmoro seemed to understand his terrible position thoroughly, while the Colonel, on the other hand, closed his eyes upon it.

The latter talked hopefully of the future, while his son sat mutely hearkening to him, unwilling to show him the utter fallacy of all his hopes.

Under the roof of the bushranger's cavern-home, the Colonel sojourned for two whole days; on the morning of the third, Red Hand conducted him to the highway; where, after instructing his parent how to communicate with him, Desmoro parted with him.

Turning his steps in the direction of his dwelling, the bushranger stopped suddenly before the hollow trunk of a decayed tree, into a cavity of which he inserted his hand.

This tree was his letter-box, known only to one person, namely, Ben, the Jew, who avoided all risk, by sending his missives, without any superscription, thus preventing the bearer of them from knowing for whom they were intended.

On this occasion, the bushranger drew forth a folded paper, on which were scrawled the following words:—

"Come to me without delay."

"B."

"S—k P—t."

"What's the matter with Ben, I wonder?" mused the outlaw, crushing up the paper, and thrusting it into his pocket. "A visit to Sydney, eh? Well, be it so; Ben would not summon me thither on any non-important matter. I must lose no time in attending to his call."

And Desmoro strode onwards, and once more appeared before Neddy, his faithful companion.

"Business," spoke the bushranger, at once beginning to throw off his upper garments.

"What sort, mister?" was the anxious query. Neddy was always full of anxiety on his beloved master's account.

"A journey to Sydney, my lad."

"In the broad daylight—into the lion's jaws, mister?" Neddy observed, shaking his head.

"Ay; but that cannot be helped on this occasion. A summons from Shark Point must not be neglected, or treated lightly."

"Phew!" whistled Neddy. "What's up with old Ben, I wonder?"

"Something of consequence, my lad," rejoined his master, seizing a pair of scissors as he spoke

and dexterously denuding his face of some of its hirsute appendages. "Don't fear for me; I have but one life, and that life I've made up my mind to be careful of. I'm going to personate Sally Maguire again."

"Then you'll require my company, mister?" "Yes, you'll be the good-natured stockman, who's so charitable as to give me a lift on the road. The bay horse will carry us both, and think but little of his burden. I'm not astonished at Mr. Riverton, his former owner, putting a higher value upon the beast—he deserves to be prized."

Having sheared his visage tolerably smooth, Desmoro now attired himself in female habiliments, while Neddy made various alterations in his own appearance.

Desmoro's disguise was perfect. His grey wig and eyebrows, his mob-cap, and huge, battered bonnet, and time-worn cloak, were all assumed naturally. The false Sally Maguire had a short, black pipe stuck in her mouth, and she concealed her great height, by supporting her bent body on a strong stick, which she clutched in her marked palm.

"There!" exclaimed the bushranger, surveying himself in his looking-glass; "I defy detection in this dress!"

Neddy looked grave.

"Yes, so yer may, mister, pervided yer don't meet that chap Pidgers, as I've heard yer talk so much of. Lor! I was jest thinking that yer own father hisself wouldn't recognise yer!" (Neddy knew all about Desmoro's parentage.)

"But he aren't gotten the eyes of that spiteful Pidgers, hev he?"

Desmoro sighed at the mention of his father, and thought how very different his life might have been, had that father but acted, as he ought to have acted, and done a parent's duty.

The bay horse was soon prepared, and, with the two men across his powerful back, he began to toil up the cliff, up that winding, steep pathway, so hazardous to pursue.

After riding for some hours, the bushranger and his companion alighted. They were just at the outskirts of the town, and prudence compelled them to part company now, each to follow a separate road.

The bushranger walked slowly onward, while Neddy galloped up another street, still keeping in the same direction with his master, and, stabling his steed, made his way on foot towards Shark Point, at which place he arrived a full half hour before Desmoro.

The Jew himself opened his door to his visitors, whom, in spite of their disguises, he recognised at once.

Ben was looking very ill, a mere shadow of his former self. He pointed to chairs, and then, sinking upon a settle, panted for breath.

"You are ill, Ben," said the bushranger, in some alarm.

"Ay. Didn't I tell you to come to me without delay?" answered the Jew, gaspingly.

"And I came at once."

"Tis well, 'tis well you did so; for I am dying."

"Dying?" echoed Desmoro.

"At a ripe old age, too, I cannot complain at the summons—I am willing to obey it—but not ready, not ready for it, I know. Well, well, a life begun ill, is seldom ended otherwise. I'm not preaching, Red Hand. I feel Death's cold finger on me, but it makes no change in my thoughts, not a jot. Poverty and want were my first teachers; then, having once done wrong, and having learned to love money, I went on and on, making no stop. Well, if Ben the Jew had not purchased the stolen goods, others would have done so. But there's no time to waste in talk. I sent for you to make you rich, Red Hand, and to urge you—with my dying health to urge you—to abandon your present lawless mode of life, to fly from the bush and the colony, and to seek a home in another land, in America, or in France or Germany, where you might lead a new and a better sort of existence. I like you, Red Hand—I have done so from the beginning; and I feel assured that I cannot perform a better act than the one I propose. Here, Neddy," added the Jew, addressing Desmoro's companion, who was sitting in open-mouthed amazement at Ben's words, "take up one of the floor boards, the fourth from yonder wall."

"Not now, not now," objected the bushranger, seeing the old man's face growing whiter and whiter as he spoke.

"Why not, why not?" gasped he. "Dig under there, and you'll find old Ben's treasure, all in Bank of England notes, easy to carry away, and easy to conceal."

"But you may recover, Ben," returned Desmoro, loth to accept the Jew's money while he was yet alive.

"Recover!" repeated he. "Why I am dying even now, while I am talking to you. These are my last earthly efforts, made for one whom I regard with almost a fatherly love. Ay, stare at me! You never guessed that I took any interest in you, did you? Well, well, the greater the surprise you must feel in finding that I do so, eh? Have you lifted up the board, Neddy?"

"I am trying to do so," returned the individual addressed, "but it's so precious hard to move."

"There's a ring attached to the end of it," said Ben, in an impatient manner. "Make haste, make haste! I want to put the money in his hands while I can look upon him. My eyes are dimming fast. I am faint, Red Hand; support me for a few moments, afterwards the old Jew will not require any aid. Make haste, make haste!"

And with a gasp and a convulsive shudder, Ben sank back into the arms of Desmoro.

At this moment some one knocked at the secret door.

Ben started feebly, Neddy paused in his task, and the bushranger listened attentively.

"The pleece, I'll wager!" muttered Neddy, in a scared whisper. "Fly, mister, fly! I put up the horse at the 'Currency Lass,' at the end of Castlereagh Street. Fly! fly!"

But the bushranger was humane. He saw that the Jew was struggling with the agonies of death, and, whatever the danger of his stay, he could not leave him in that state.

Meanwhile, the rapping at the portal continued; but, knowing that that portal was a strong one and securely bolted, Desmoro imagined himself safe.

But, having little faith in bolts and bars, Neddy had clambered up the wide chimney, and reached the roof of the house, whence, looking down, he espied four constables thundering at the door.

Desmoro glanced at the form in his arms, then, laying that form on the settle, he unfastened the bolts, and admitted four men, agents of the law.

"You old witch!" cried the foremost of the men, "why did you not let us in sooner? Where's that limb of the Old One, Ben?"

"Och, whist! now, me honey! Would yez he afther disturbin' a dyin' man?" returned Desmoro, in his assumed character of Sally Maguire.

"Dying man! What do you mean, mother?" asked the constable.

"Look there!" answered the seeming Irish woman, pointing to the silent figure of old Ben. "Och, won't ye let his last moments pass in pace?"

"We've got our orders, mother, and those orders we must obey, were the old fellow dying a thousand times over! We've received information that Ben bought Sir John Jamieson's plate, stolen last week, and we are here in order to search for that plate."

At this the Jew showed signs of life and consciousness.

"Fly!" he whispered in the ear of Desmoro, who was once more bending over him.

The constables were already making their quest, opening sundry chests and drawers, and tossing about their contents.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed one of the men, "what is the use of hunting in these places? The old fox wouldn't be such a dot as to put his property where we could easily find it! Lift up his flooring; it's under that that we shall discover what we seek!"

With a last dying effort the Jew raised himself on his elbow.

"No, no; the plate's not there! Press one of the brass knobs in the wainscoting—the third one from the window—and you will find a recess, containing all the articles of plate belonging to Sir John Jamieson."

Acting according to Ben's instructions, the men soon found what they sought.

"And now let us see whether the old scamp is shamming or not!" said one of the constables, turning to the settle on which the Jew was lying with closed eyes, voiceless and motionless.

Desmoro shivered at the near approach of the men.

He was dreading their questions, and their keen and inquiring glances. What chance would he have, opposed against four armed men in open daylight, encumbered with women's gear, and within the walls of the town?

The last speaker stooped over the still form for a second or two.

"No, no, there's no shamming there!" said he. "Old Ben has gone to stand before his last Judge. He's dead."

"Dead!" cried Desmoro, in an altered tone, and wholly off his guard.

"Eh!" ejaculated the same constable who had before spoken. "We've some impostor here!" he added, at once laying his powerful hand on the bushranger's shoulder.

"Close round her, boys!"

But, before the men could obey, Desmoro had flung off the man's hold, and drawn forth a pistol.

"Stand back!" he cried. "Stand back, or I will fire!" And as he thus spoke, he unconsciously raised his left hand, and displayed his stained palm.

"Red Hand—Red Hand!" shouted together two of the men. "Close round him, lads—close round him! Let him not escape!"

Then, there was the report of a pistol, the shuffling of many feet—fierce struggling of one man against four—of a man who was displaying the strength and courage of a roused lion.

(To be continued.)

PUNCTUATION.—A suit took place the other day in which a printer named Kelvey was a witness. The case was an assault, and battery that came off between two men named Brown and Henderson.

"Mr. Kelvey, did you witness the affair referred to?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what have you to say about it?"

"That it was the best piece of punctuation I'd have seen for some time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, for which Henderson put a period on Brown's breathing for about half a minute."

The court comprehended the matter at once, and fined the defendant two dollars.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873.

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ILLUSTRATED BY OUR ARTIST

Miss Braddon's reputation as an author is too well established to need any comment from us. Those of our readers who have had the pleasure of enjoying "Lady Audley's Secret," "To the Bitter End," "The Outcasts," or any of her other works will, no doubt, be glad of an opportunity to peruse her latest production as speedily as it is written.

THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

The mission of Sir Bartle Frere to Zanzibar, with the object of putting an end to the infamous slave-traffic which has so long been carried on under the protection of the Sultan of that island, has at last come to a happy termination. After some difficulty and not a little delay the Sultan has been induced to sign a treaty by which he binds himself to put an end to the slave trade within his dominions. Already the slave market at Zanzibar has been closed, and thus a first and decisive step has been taken towards putting an end to an outrage which for years past has called for redress. We are not told how the way to this happy solution has been found, nor by what means the difficulty respecting the yearly tribute to the Imaum of Muscat—for the payment of which the Sultan insisted that he relied upon the profits accruing from the slave trade—has been smoothed over. It is sufficient to know that it has been triumphantly overcome, and that the British envoy returns home

with fresh honors to add to those he has already won in the paths of diplomacy. The task in which Sir Bartle Frere has been engaged was by no means an easy one. He had to contend not only with the obstinacy and avarice of the Sultan and the prejudices of his subjects but also with foreign interference. At first the slave-dealing potentate, encouraged by the French representative, totally refused to comply with the demands of the English envoy, and for a time the negotiations were dropped. But the English diplomatist was by no means disheartened, perhaps not even disappointed, at this first failure. He proceeded first to Muscat, where he made a treaty with the Imaum, and thence to Bombay to enlist the sympathies of the native merchants in his cause. In this he was successful. On his return he found that another powerful influence was operating in his favor. President Thiers had sent out stringent instructions to the French officials to further in every way the anti-slavery cause. The result of all this was that the Sultan was forced to give way and the treaty was signed. The result cannot of course be expected to be an immediate suppression of the nefarious traffic in human beings. This will, no doubt, be carried on in an under-hand manner for some time to come, but it will only need a sufficient degree of vigilance to put an end to the evil for ever.

PROF. WISE.

The man upon whom the eyes of the Northern half of the American Continent are at present fixed, who is exciting the greatest interest and expectation by the daring character of the scheme he is about to put to the test is the celebrated aeronaut, Professor Wise. It has long been a pet theory with this experienced scientist that a balloon voyage to Europe is in every way practicable, and can be accomplished with comparative ease, and—unless unforeseen obstacles arise—perfect safety. It is his belief—shared in by many other scientific men of note—that at a certain height there is a perpetual current of air which flows swiftly in a north-easterly, or east-north-easterly direction. Once get into this stream, he argues, and the balloon is carried along swiftly and surely. Starting say from New York a balloon on reaching the current would sail towards the coast of Norway at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and thus a voyage which now takes from ten to fourteen days could be performed in about sixty hours. Add to this that all the *désagréments* of the ocean voyage are avoided. There is no perceptible motion, for the aeronaut has no opposing force to contend with. His aerial chariot encounters no resistance. As the air is the only motive power there is nothing to obstruct or retard its course. It sails calmly on, though at an immense speed, safely balanced on the air-stream which is carrying it to its destination. Such is the theory which for over a quarter of a century Prof. Wise has firmly held to—nay which at one time he in great measure proved to be correct by accomplishing in a balloon the voyage from St. Louis to New York, a distance of twelve hundred miles, in nineteen hours. It is now his intention to put this theory to a final and crucial test. Hitherto he has been hindered from doing so by the want of funds to defray the necessary expenses attendant on so gigantic a scheme. Thanks, however, to the enterprise and liberality of the *Graphic* Publishing Company, of New York, he is now enabled to put his long-cherished theory into execution. The amount which it is expected will be needful to cover the cost of the expedition is put at \$10,000. Upwards of \$1,200 had already been pledged, but this, as well as any additional subscriptions which may be offered, the Company propose should go to Professor Wise to reimburse him, in part at least, for the labor of a life-time in cherishing this important public experiment.

Preparations are now being hurried on and it is expected that the ascent, which will be private, will take place before the 20th ult. The Professor will be accompanied by Mr. W. H. Donaldson, a skilful and experienced aeronaut, and some half-dozen members of the Press. The benefits that must result should the enterprise prove successful are obvious. They will place the name of the intrepid aeronaut who conducts the expedition on a rank with those of the greatest pioneers in the world of science. His intrepidity in this cause and the generosity of those who are assisting him in clearing up the mysteries of air navigation are beyond all praise, and will be held in remembrance for all time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to the Editor *FAVORITE* and marked correspondence.

Letters are lying at this office for Charlie A., Julia D., and Pattie M.

G. W. A.—The hen that lays is the mother, of course. Your second question is not clear enough to enable us to give an answer.

MEDICUS.—It is said that the person you mention is now in Europe. According to the American papers he failed some time ago, and while in a depressed state of mind caused by his losses attempted suicide.

CLIO.—1. We believe that a company of the name you mention is doing business in Montreal. 2. Correspond with them on the subject. If you can get no redress you have a legal remedy. 3. We are willing to receive short stories of the kind you mention. All MS., accepted by the Editor is paid for according to its standard of excellence.

Several letters are unavoidably left over for answer next week.

PASSING EVENTS.

MORE earthquakes in Italy.

THE Shah has gone to Paris.

BERLIN weavers have struck.

MINISTERIAL crisis in Rome continues.

CYRILLE DION challenges the world at billiards.

The cable of 1873 was successfully laid on the fourth of July.

DOMINION Day was well celebrated throughout all the Provinces.

CHOLERA seems to linger in the Ohio and Cumberland valleys.

TWENTY persons on Green Lake, Wisconsin, were drowned in a storm.

THE reported compromise between the Dutch and the Acheens is denied.

COUNT Joseph Poniatowsky, the distinguished operatic composer, is dead.

THERE has been a hostile rising among the Hindoo peasants of Poonah.

AN official investigation has been demanded into the wreck of the *Precursor*.

THE Spanish Government have resolved to crush out the Carlist insurrection.

THE Fourth of July was celebrated in London, Vienna and other European cities.

THE labors of the Dominion Board of Arbitrators closed at Ottawa last week.

THE German Government have taken ten millions in American five per cents.

YOUNG Walworth, the paricide, has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for life.

HON. Mr. Gibbs has been returned for South Ontario by the handsome majority of 242.

THE Spanish Government have published their determination not to give up Cuba or Porto Rico.

THE Internal Revenue of the United Kingdom shows a decrease of \$870,000 during the past year.

THE *Junata*, in search of the *Polaris*, has arrived in St. John, Newfoundland, from New York.

RUSSIA promise to retire from Khiva so soon as she considers the Khan sufficiently punished.

It is now said that the Hon. Mr. Archibald will be appointed Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.

Two gentlemen, two ladies and a boy, sailing in a boat, were carried over the falls of Niagara and lost.

THE 4th of July was celebrated on a scale of greater magnitude than has been known for many years past.

SOME degree of quiet has been restored in Madrid, and the Government have been voted extraordinary powers.

PRESIDENT Grant's proclamation, respecting the Fisheries clauses of the Washington Treaty went into effect on the 1st July.

THE English hardware trade is alarmed at the decrease of its orders from the United States, the Colonies and South America.

THE report of the appearance of cholera in Munich is contradicted. Crafts on the Vistula are submitted to a rigid quarantine.

THE body of the unfortunate Mr. Barrett, who was drowned while disembarking from the steamship *Sarmatian*, has been found.

THE Irreconcilables have withdrawn from the Cortes in consequence of the passage of the bill abolishing constitutional guarantees.

THE Chinese have captured Monchoboo, the capital of the Kingdom of Burmah. The town was taken by storm amid great slaughter.

SIR Hugh and Lady Allan, Hon. Mr. Justice Archibald, and the Hon. J. C. Abbott, arrived at Quebec last week, per steamship *Circassian*.

A LARGE and influential meeting held in London has protested against the introduction of the Confessional into the Church of England.

A CONFLICT being imminent between the soldiers and citizens, the Spanish commander has withdrawn the Government troops from Seville.

ALDERMAN ROWAN has been appointed by the Dominion Government to represent the interests of New Brunswick at the Vienna Exposition.

A PARTY of filibusters had landed in Honduras, and a report was current that they had overthrown the Government and established another in its stead.

THE new Ministers are: Hon. Mr. Gibbs, Internal Revenue; Hon. Mr. O'Connor, Postmaster General; Hon. Hugh McDonald, Militia and Defence; Hon. M. Campbell, Interior.

HOLLAND is equipping a second expedition against Acheen. No negotiations for peace had taken place, but such were expected to be brought about through the good offices of a friendly Rajah.

DOMINION Day was celebrated with great demonstrations of joy at Charlottetown, on the occasion of the admission of the colony into the Confederation. The Queen's Proclamation to that effect was read publicly and Lieutenant-Governor Robinson was resworn.

THE Menonite delegation, now in the Northwest, were attacked by French half-breeds, who oppose immigration. Colonel Osborne Smith with a detachment of volunteers has gone to preserve order. Notwithstanding the rough treatment they experienced they are so well pleased with the Provinces that they intend on their return to Europe sending out one thousand families to settle therein.

THE new Spanish constitution provides that the President of the Republic must have been born on Spanish territory, and be 25 years of age. The country is divided into cantons like the Swiss Republic. The Assembly of each canton is to elect four senators and the deputies are to be chosen by universal suffrage. Cuba and Porto Rico are to be assimilated with the cantons of Spain. The central power is authorized to suspend constitutional guarantees, and order the levies of troops without consulting the authorities of the cantons.

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.—The reasons "why men don't marry" were fully explained in a lecture given the other day by the Rev. Henry Morgan to the Young Men's Christian Association in New York on this question, interesting alike to Christian young women as to Christian young men. The reasons, according to Mr. Morgan, are eight in number, and are as follows: 1st. Because they cannot get the woman they want—they look too high for beauty, talent, and perfection, which are beyond their reach; 2nd, because they are cowards—they dare not "face the music," and quake at the lightning flashes of a fair maiden's eye; 3rd, because they are sceptical—they have no faith in a woman's constancy, and believe her weak and frail; 4th, because they are selfish and stingy, and do not think they can support wives; 5th, because women of genius are not good housekeepers (the reverend gentleman advised his audience not to marry geniuses); 6th, because of man's own extravagance—many young men spend their incomes foolishly, and cannot afford to marry; 7th, because they are afraid of divorce, which is made by the laws too easy—free love, Mr. Morgan thinks, is poisoning the system of marriage; and 8th, because of women's extravagance. It costs as much, the lecturer said, to launch a woman on the sea of life in these times as it would to fit out a small schooner. As to sails, cordage, pennants, and streamers, the difference, he thinks, is in favour of the schooner. As to her outfit, she has to be freighted with bonnets, veils, necklaces, earrings, pins, chains, bracelets, rings, ruffles, bows, bands, buttons, loops, folds, pipings, plaits, silks, muslins, laces, fans, boots, slippers, parasols, collars, cuffs, nets, chignons, waterfalls, "rats," "mice," braids, frizzles, puffs, curls, paniers, tournures, and Grecian bend. What a cargo, ejaculated Mr. Morgan, was this for such a small vessel! Few are the underwriters who take the risk in such a craft, and few were the men who would marry this "Dolly Varden walking advertisement." The lecture was heard with deep emotion by a vast concourse of Christian young men, and those parts of it which referred to women's failings were greeted with wild applause (!)

ROCHELLE.

The stranger who strolls through the streets of Rochelle, and visits its tranquil promenades, quiet quay, and its harbor, now so seldom encumbered with ships, cannot easily picture to himself its splendor in past centuries, nor the fevered and agitated life of its ancient burghers. And yet what thrilling events have taken place within its walls! How many tales of blood and glory might be related by the old towers which protected the entrance of the harbor! Of how many calamities and vicissitudes have they been the witnesses!

An episode in the annals of Rochelle, which is connected with the religious wars of the sixteenth century, will perhaps give some idea of the important part the town was called upon to play in the world at that time. But in order to make its position fully understood, it will be necessary to enter into a few details concerning its origin and the principal events of its early history.

As far back as can be traced, there might be discovered on the west coast of France, a fishing-village, built on a rock, surrounded on all sides by marshes, and joined to the Continent only by a neck of land. Such a position was admirably adapted for the construction of a stronghold, a very important advantage in those times of trouble, when need there was of protection from pirates and feudal barons. The country around produced good wine, and salt, so that the elements of commerce were not wanting. And so the town grew rapidly, navigators thronged to its harbor, and its energetic and industrious inhabitants soon formed a *commune*, or small Republic, with an independent government, under the nominal sovereignty of the Dukes of Aquitaine.

A poet of the thirteenth century thus describes Rochelle:—

.....Declivi littore ponti
Nobilis et fama toto celeberrima
mundo
Divitisque potens priscis et gente,
superba est Rochella.

"On the sloping banks of the sea, renowned and famous throughout the whole world, proud of her riches, her power, and her children, stands Rochelle."

On the marriage of Eleanor of Aquitaine with Henry Plantagenet, Rochelle became a possession of the English, and remained so until the year 1224. Louis the Eighth then laid siege to it, and the town fell under the dominion of the King of France. The treaty of Bretigny restored it to the English crown, but in 1372 the burghers expelled the English garrison, and offered their allegiance to Charles the Fifth. As a reward for their attachment, that prince confirmed all the privileges of the *commune*, and moreover conferred nobility upon the senate or *corps* of the town, which was composed of a mayor, twenty-four *eschevins*, or sheriffs, and seventy-five counsellors.

The little republic considered as an honor its title of vassal to the crown; but, on the other hand, the sovereign was not permitted to enter the gates of the town without having previously sworn to maintain its privileges and respect the liberties of its inhabitants.

The Calvinists from all parts sought refuge within its walls, and, in spite of much persecution, they soon succeeded in converting to their doctrines nearly the whole population. Rochelle became one of the bulwarks of French Protestantism.

Catherine of Medicis, then all powerful at the court of Charles the Ninth, her son, saw with alarm the progress of the Reformation, and, summoning the Catholics to arms, commenced that long series of religious wars which drowned the French nation in blood, and brought some of the best and bravest of the land to untimely graves. After several combats, in which success favored at times the Catholics, with the Duke of Guise at their head, at others, the Protestants, who were commanded by Coligny, Condé, and Henry of Navarre, the wily Catherine resolved to make proposals of peace. The Protestants were offered liberty of conscience and the free exercise of their religion all over France, and to seal the treaty, the Queen proposed the marriage of Margaret, the sister of Charles the Ninth, with the Prince of Navarre. The Protestants, won by such favorable terms, laid down their arms, and proceeded in crowds to Paris, to be present at the nuptials of their leaders. Coligny alone hesitated; he had known Catherine too long not to mistrust her, but having received a special invitation from the King, he too was beguiled, and entered the capital, where he was to meet with such a cruel end. The sudden death of Jeanne d'Albret was the first cause of alarm to the Protestants. The aged Coligny was the next victim, and on St. Bartholomew's Day the horrible massacre of all the Protestants assembled in Paris aroused a cry of indignation throughout the whole kingdom. Nor was the crime confined to Paris alone. In all the provinces orders were sent to exterminate the Huguenots, and a letter written by Catherine of Medicis to Strozzi, one of the

royal officers, who was then levying troops in the west, proves what the intentions of the court were with regard to Rochelle.

"Know that to-day, the 24th of August, the Admiral and all the Huguenots who were with him here have been killed. Therefore take diligent care to become master of Rochelle, and do to the Huguenots who fall into your hands as we have done to the others. Take heed you fail not in this affair, as you fear the displeasure of the King my son and my own.—CATHERINE."

The following is the original document in the style of the time:—

"Je vous advertis que ce aujourd'hui 24 d'Aout l'Admiral et tous les Huguenots qui estoient ici avec lui, ont été tués. Partant advisez diligemment à vous rendre maître de la Rochelle, et faites aux Huguenots qui vous tomberont en mains, le même que nous avons fait à ceux-ci. Gardez-vous d'y faire faute, d'autant que craignez à déplaire au Roy Monsieur mon fils et à moy.—CATHERINE."

But Catherine had calculated amiss.

Exasperated at having been so deceived, and rendered furious by the massacre of their partisans, the Protestants one more lifted the standard of revolt. Rochelle, which was then a

They received his proposals with mistrust and resentment. They affected at first not to recognize him, and when he held out to them his left arm, mutilated in their service, "We well remember La Noue," said they, "but he was a very different man from him who now stands before us; he was our friend, and by his virtue, constancy, and experience, defended our lives, and acquired universal honor; he would never have sought to deceive us with false words; you resemble him indeed outwardly, but no whit otherwise." La Noue at last, however, succeeded in convincing them of the purity of his intentions. "If you are still faithful to our cause," said they, "come and defend us, and help us with your long-tryed experience." "I will do so right willingly," said La Noue; "I will ensure the safety of your town, I will strengthen your fortifications, if I can obtain the King's consent to my doing so; but you must believe me when I declare that peace is what you are most in need of, and that it is with an end to peace that I consent to become your leader." Strange to say, Charles the Ninth consented to this extraordinary transaction; not that he supposed La Noue would betray the inhabitants of Rochelle, but because he knew that the hero would

But Charles, seeing that his efforts were unavailing as a mediator, and that all hopes of peace must be abandoned, recalled him. He accordingly left the town, but he remained in the camp of the Duke of Anjou, ready to take advantage of any opportunity that might occur to serve his brethren.

And now nothing but arms could decide the dreadful quarrel.

In the camp of the besiegers all was dissension and insubordination; no plans were kept secret; an intended assault was noised abroad long before its execution, every thing was left to chance, so that in the frequent skirmishes which took place, the Catholics lost a great number of their best nobility, without advancing their cause. In the town, on the contrary, the Protestants were unanimous in their courageous defence, and the departure of La Noue had put an end to all internal dissensions.

After spending five weeks in useless and ill-directed attacks, the besiegers resolved to make a vigorous assault. Four furious attacks were repulsed with great slaughter. Four times from the battlements of the towers of Rochelle the Protestants sang with a burst of triumph the beginning of the 68th Psalm, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered."

Four thousand men had repulsed twenty thousand. But victory was not due to the men alone; the women of Rochelle, thronging to the walls, heedless of danger, showered down upon the assailants cauldrons of boiling oil and pitch, stones, and fragments of red-hot iron. The *Bastion de l'Evangile* (Bulwark of the Gospel), which had been the principal point of attack, was the grave of nearly all the royal army. The Duke of Nevers, the Count of Mayenne, and many other nobles were left dead, or mortally wounded on the spot. The Protestants were as much elated by their success as the royalists were discouraged by their failure; the besieging soldiers began to complain that their lives were uselessly thrown away and feelings of mistrust and discord were arising amongst the leaders themselves.

One day, about the middle of April, a cry of joy was heard in Rochelle. The watchers had descried from the towers a "fleet from England." The inhabitants ran through the streets, greeting each other with the welcome news—speedy deliverance was at hand. Their joy was soon damped. Elizabeth, who had signed a treaty with Charles, refused to succour the Protestants, and "the fleet" was only composed of a few small vessels badly equipped by French refugees, who had been

compelled by the Queen to leave the shores of England. Montgomery could not succeed in entering the harbor. Attacked by the royal fleet which blockaded the town, he was compelled to retire.

The courage of the Huguenots, though sorely tried, was not exhausted by this disappointment; they continued to brave the attacks of the enemy; but another calamity awaited them, provisions were beginning to fail. Fortunately shell-fish was to be found in great abundance, and their ministers piously compared this food to the Manna sent by Heaven to the Israelites. The women, braving the shots and arrows of the enemy, would go to the sea-shore to collect the precious food, and then return to the breach and fight valiantly beside their husbands and brothers.

The court now gave up all hope of taking Rochelle by force; the royal army was decimated by the Protestant swords, by desertion and sickness. Thousands of soldiers and three hundred officers of distinction had perished, and the Duke of Anjou himself was wounded.

Negotiations of peace were once more attempted. The Protestants of Rochelle stipulated for liberty of conscience not only for themselves, but for all those of their religion, and the free exercise of their worship in the three towns of Nîmes, Montauban, and Rochelle. The King accepted their conditions, and the peace was signed at Rochelle. The Duke of Anjou, who had just been elected King of Poland, was only too glad to take advantage of that pretext for raising the siege.

By their heroism the Protestants of Rochelle had at last gained freedom of religious opinion for all their brethren in France. Just one year after the massacre of St. Bartholomew they established legally the religion that Catherine would fain have stifled in blood.

To the agitation of civil wars succeeded years of prosperity for Rochelle; learning flourished within its walls, and its extensive commerce and industry acquired for the town the name of French Amsterdam. But the age of religious toleration had not yet arrived, and those years of peace and tranquillity were to be followed by dire misfortunes. Fifty years after the event we have related, in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, the unhappy town had again to sustain the horrors of another and still more famous siege; and this time resistance was of no avail, the mighty Richelieu was victorious. (1)

(1) There are still to be seen, at low water, the remains of the famous dyke constructed by



ROCHELLE HARBOR.

strongly-fortified town, became their place of refuge, and there they prepared courageously to defend their lives and their religion. At the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew great numbers of soldiers and all the ministers of the reformed religion dwelling in the neighboring provinces assembled in crowds at Rochelle; more than 1500 good soldiers joined the guard of the town, which numbered already 1600 men; the ramparts and fortifications were armed with cannon for a desperate defence; vessels were sent to England, under the command of Montgomery, to implore the assistance of Queen Elizabeth, and bring back powder and projectiles. Their ministers encouraged the warlike dispositions of the besieged, and, by their vehement exhortations, excited them to revenge their brethren, and suffer all things rather than open their gates to the enemy.

The King, alarmed at these preparations, endeavored at first to employ peaceable means; but the Protestants could not believe in the promises of a prince who had been guilty of such base treachery; and his attempts at negotiation having failed, a formidable army was sent to reduce the town.

Still, however, fearing the result of a regular siege, Charles made a last endeavor to avoid it, by sending to Rochelle a mediator likely to have great influence over the Huguenot rebels. He made choice of La Noue, one of the heroes of the Protestant party, who had been a prisoner, and whose valor and austere virtue caused him to be equally respected by both sides. Brave, disinterested, and loyal, La Noue had already more than once fought for "the Cause," as it was then called, and three years before, he had lost his left arm while fighting near Rochelle. Charles the Ninth sent for him, and, speaking to him with much gentleness, begged him to proceed to Rochelle, and to endeavor by persuasion to reduce his brethren to obedience, protesting at the same time that his offers of pardon and religious liberty were perfectly sincere. The King's demand was an order that it would have cost his life to disobey; besides, La Noue was convinced that the only chance of safety to the Protestants was in a negotiation. He accordingly accepted the mission, promising to come back whenever Charles should think fit to recall him, but declaring frankly to the King, that though he was ready and willing to urge the Protestants to make peace, he would in no wise favor any plan prejudicial to their liberty.

Great was the astonishment of the inhabitants of Rochelle at seeing the "Hero of the Cause," the Bayard of the Huguenots, come to them in the name of the murderer of their brethren.

be true to his word, and would do all that was possible to bring the Protestants to accept reasonable conditions. Such is the power of virtue and honor, that they obtain the respect and confidence even of the most guilty.

La Noue, named commander of the military forces of the town, undertook with great energy the means of defence, while the mayor, Jacques Henri, a man of courage and understanding, augmented the provisions, and maintained the strictest order in the place.

On the 11th of February, 1573, the Duke of Anjou, brother to the King, attended by his younger brother, the Duke of Alençon, and by most of the princes and nobility of the court, came to take the command of the besieging army. Until the arrival of the princes the royalist generals had done but little. Their principal operations had been the raising of forts on each side of the bay on which Rochelle is situated, and the anchoring of an immense ship of war, well stored with munition, between the harbor and the bay. On the approach of the Duke of Anjou they surrounded the town more closely, and began to raise batteries; but their operations were badly conducted. The luxurious Duke of Anjou, instead of seeking for the best point of attack, was far more occupied in discovering the most convenient spot for lodging himself and his suite, and took up his abode at three or four miles' distance from the trenches.

The Protestants were frequently victorious in their sallies; but La Noue, persuaded that Rochelle must at last be overcome if no foreign assistance was to be had, and expecting little from Elizabeth of England, ceased not to urge his companions to accept the negotiations that were offered by the court. The voice of La Noue was silenced by that of the Huguenot ministers. They excited the people to fury by their ardent discourses and fanatical energy. Reckoning all ideas of prudence as impious mistrust of Providence, they expected even a miracle, if that were necessary for the saving of the Cause, and the avenging of the martyrs of St. Bartholomew. The nobles supported La Noue, but the people, though they still respected their captain, were led by the preachers. One aged minister, in a fit of excitement approaching to madness, struck La Noue. As gentle as he was brave, the chief stopped the officers who were about to lift their swords upon the offender, and simply sent him home to his wife, to be cured of his folly.

The situation of La Noue, thus placed between his promises to Charles the Ninth and his fidelity to his party, was so painful, that in battle he often sought for death as a deliverance.

Reduced to the last extremity by famine, the inhabitants were compelled to capitulate; their fortifications were destroyed, and the numerous emigrations which ensued struck a last blow to the commerce and the Protestantism of Rochelle. There is now but a comparatively small number of Protestants at Rochelle, but among the inhabitants of the town, to whatever communion they belong, there are but few who are not proud of their fore-fathers, the glorious conquerors in 1573, and the no less brave, though vanquished heroes of the Faith in 1628.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

The consequence of all this was that half an hour after, when Martha came into the room, looking her very best, and having dressed for the occasion, it was to find Edwin Leinster sitting on a couch by the side of Mary, his arm round her waist, and her head resting comfortably enough upon his shoulder.

"Now for a row," said Mary, under her breath. But she was mistaken; Martha did not make a row—not at once, perhaps I should say—instead of that, she left the room without a word, to return to it, however, a few minutes after with her father.

Will Garston, as we have seen, was a very easy-going man, seldom or never interfering with his sax "gals," provided only they behaved moderately well, and left him alone.

Consequently, when Mr. Ashleigh informed him that Mary had accepted him, and asked his consent, the indulgent father, somewhat surprised, it may be, at her choice, gave it.

He would have done exactly the same, with perhaps a little more warmth in the way of feeling, and many more worldly misgivings, had her hand been asked by the young artist; but what he could not put up with—would not, in fact, was the system of playing fast and loose with more than one lover on hand at a time.

Being a man of his word himself, he expected those belonging to him to be equally scrupulous in keeping theirs.

"What's this?" he asked, coming into the parlour, with his heavy and not over-clean boots on, and followed by Martha, whose face was perfectly white with passion.

Mary was silent, and clung to the arm of her lover, but Edwin, in no degree daunted, said—"Mary has discovered in time that she has made a mistake, Mr. Garston. She and I have loved one another for a long time, and we sincerely hope you will not refuse your consent to our marriage."

"Aye, that be very foin for you two; but what about Ashleigh? Aw'll na go to have him made a fule on."

"But, father, I don't love Mr. Ashleigh. He's old, and he's ugly," almost sobbed Mary.

"All o' which thee should have thought on afore," returned her parent, sternly.

"He's no uglier, and not much older than when thee said thee'd have him. He war your own choice; you gave your word to him, and you'll keep it if you're a child of mine."

"Oh, father, don't be so cruel," pleaded Mary; then she added, feeling some justification of her fickleness was necessary, "it was all your fault, father. You drove me to it. You would bring a strange baby into the house, making folks talk about us, and all us girls made up our minds to get married and go away, and that's what made me say 'Yes' to Mr. Ashleigh when he asked me, and Martha's only spiteful because nobody's asked her."

Whereupon, Martha, who had been growing hot and cold, red and white by turns, now burst forth into such a torrent of scolding abuse as to completely silence anyone else for a few minutes, and making Edwin Leinster feel very thankful that he had not been tempted into the sea of matrimony with her.

As soon as there was a chance of being heard, he said—

"I forgot to tell you the original purport of my visit here to-day, Mr. Garston. I think there is a possibility of your discovering who little Ben, the baby, belongs to. Something which came to my knowledge yesterday convinced me of the probability of it, and I thought I was in duty and honor bound to come and tell you first, that you may take any steps you consider necessary to detect and punish the parents of the child."

"Then I don't want to know," was the angry, almost passionate reply. "The boy's mine. Aw found un, and aw'll keep un, and aw don't want you to go poking your nose into the matter. Whoever left the boy in the Oak Clough to die, put theirs in the peril of the law, and whoever takes the lad from me will prove that they left it there, and take their punishment afore they gets the boy from me."

"Then you don't even wish to know who the child belongs to?" asked the young man, surprised at such unreasoning obstinacy.

"No, aw don't; he's mine, and that's all aw want to know about the matter. And now aw don't want to send yo' away, but yo'd best leave the lasses here alone. Mary's made her bed,

Richelieu at the entrance of the harbour, by means of which he prevented the Duke of Buckingham from bringing help to Rochelle, whither he had been sent at the head of a numerous fleet by Charles the First in 1628.

and she must lie on't. When she's married we'll be glad to see thee at Owdham as much as thee likes to come."

"But Mary has promised to marry me, Mr. Garston," urged the young man.

"Aye, and she promised to marry Ashleigh; and he's got the whip hand on yo', for she promised him first. She'd ha' found it best to be off wi' the old love before she got on wi' the new. But if he will ha' it so, she must keep her word, or she's no daughter o' mine."

The troubled expression deepened on Edwin Leinster's face.

Had the cup only been held to his lips to be snatched away before he could drink its contents?

It really seemed so, and an expression of sternness and determination, unusual to his generally fair, smiling face, came over it now.

"We are all liable to mistakes, Mr. Garston," he said, trying to speak in a conciliatory tone, and curb his own fiery impatience. "It is a great pity that Mary made the mistake, but it would be worse than a mistake—it would be a crime to condemn her to a life of misery for one foolish action, leaving also my feelings out of question, which might at least be expected to count for something."

"I can't help it," replied Garston, firmly; "when I give my word, I keep it, and I expect my children to do the same."

"If Mr. Ashleigh has any pride or self-respect, he will scarcely force a woman to marry him, when, too, he knows that she prefers another," said Leinster, beginning to get and feel impatient.

"That is his look-out," returned Garston, doggedly.

"I daresay Mary's made him believe she dotes on him. It's the way of the women; they're none of them to be trusted, Leinster. You're best without them, lad."

This was rather too much for Mary, whose eyes had become perfectly dry and bright by this time, and she said indignantly—

"I never did pretend to like him, and he knows it, and I'll tell him the truth—all the truth—and then if he won't free me like a man and let me marry you, Edwin, with my father's consent, well, then, I'll marry you without it if you'll have me. I'll humble myself to the man for my father's sake, but I won't marry him to please nobody."

"That comes of having gals instead of boys," said William Garston, pointing towards his flushed though undeniably pretty daughter; "and I ha' got sax on 'em. Lord help me, if one gives me all this trouble, where will I be afore I've done wi' the last of them?"

The question was not addressed to any one in particular, which was, perhaps, fortunate in any case.

He had turned his head towards Martha, and resolutely kept it in that direction, which was judicious on his part, since had he seen the embrace and kiss which Leinster had the audacity to give Mary before Martha's very eyes, he must, of course, have made some observation or uttered some protest against it; but as he was standing with his back towards them, of course he did not see it, and a few minutes after, he was followed by Leinster out of the room.

I am afraid that Mary was insisterly enough to be all the more determined to marry Leinster because she saw how Martha was plotting against that result.

She would marry him with her father's consent, too, she mentally vowed, and hence would not lose the portion he could give her, and which would otherwise go to her sisters or to the objectionable baby.

Mary loved her father, but she loved her own way into the bargain, and what was more meant to have it.

Scarcely knowing how or why, Martha felt she was playing a losing game, when the artist, having closed after her father and the artist, her sister shook herself, gave her dress a tug as though more comfortably to adjust it, walked to the looking-glass, passed her fingers through her brown curls, and then, as though satisfied with the inspection, carefully folded up the work on which she had been engaged, put it all methodically away, and without bestowing a word or glance upon her by no means triumphant sister, quickly left the room.

Half-an-hour afterwards, while Edwin Leinster was still in Oldham, she was on her way to Manchester, determined to have her interview with Mr. Ashleigh over, and at once.

It was not a pleasant task, but she had brought it upon herself, and it was part of her punishment to go through and bear it alone.

The worthy merchant was seated in his private office, complacently thinking of the pretty girl who, he fondly believed, was so soon to be numbered among his own possessions, when a clerk, entering, announced "A lady," and the subject of his thoughts walked into his presence.

A glance at her troubled face told him that something was wrong, and he naturally became very anxious to know what it was.

But having come up to this point, Mary knew not how to begin.

What was she to say?

How, indeed, could she say a word of what was in her heart when he was so kind to her, when he believed her heart so entirely his own?

Indeed, I am afraid her courage would have been utterly deserted her but for the conviction that throwing herself on the merchant's generosity was the only way of gaining her father's consent to her marriage with the artist.

Again, if she went home with her errand unaccomplished, Martha would laugh at her.

This must not be, and Mary dashed into the subject at once.

"Mr. Ashleigh, I have deceived you, and I cannot be your wife."

Well might the astonished merchant think that he was either dreaming or the girl out of her senses.

"Deceived me! Not be my wife!" he repeated, incredulously.

"Yes. I am ashamed of myself, but it is true. Oh, say that you won't be angry with me—that you will forgive me, and I will tell you all."

The required assurance was given, and then, not without many blushes and some tears, Mary told of her love for the young artist, of her impatience and irritation at her father's conduct in adopting the strange baby, and her consequent acceptance of him.

"So you see, Mr. Ashleigh," she went on, "when I'd said 'Yes' to you, I meant to keep my word, and I tried to do so, and when Edwin, that is, Mr. Leinster, told me he loved me, I treated him with scorn, and told him to go to Martha, pretending that she cared for him and I didn't, and I tried hard; but I—I couldn't help it. I do love him, and I'm sure you wouldn't wish me to marry you when you know it."

"Certainly not. God forbid!" was the more emphatic than polite reply.

"And you will forgive and will tell father so?" pleaded the fair deceiver.

"I will try," was the more doubtful reply.

"Oh, pray do, Mr. Ashleigh. I have been very wicked, I know, to deceive you so, but it would have been a much greater wrong if I had married you, wouldn't it?"

"It would," was the positive assent.

"And you will get a better wife than I should have made you, Mr. Ashleigh? Oh, do say you will forgive me!"

The merchant paced about his room for a few minutes in silence.

It was not an easy thing to forgive, but his better nature overcame his pique and resentment, and he at length accorded the forgiveness she begged.

"And you will come back to Oldham with me, won't you?" she asked, humbly. "Father won't believe me if I tell him you have forgiven me, and Martha—"

Then she paused.

"What of Martha?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing; only she will be glad to know you wouldn't break your heart about my behaviour."

Her eyelids were drooped as she said this, and she did not dare to lift them, lest she should spoil the effect of the shot.

It was more than Martha deserved, decidedly, but Mary could afford to be generous; it was also offering an avenue of escape for her jilted suitor, for Martha would doubtless willingly take her place, and the marriage preparations would not have been made in vain.

Mr. Ashleigh fell into the snare, though he affected not to see it, and, after a reasonable amount of hesitation, returned with Mary to her father's house.

The result of Mary's scheming may be guessed.

The merchant relinquished his claims on one daughter, while he proposed for another in the same interview, and Mary's engagement ring was transferred to her sister.

Even Martha went to bed in a good temper that night, although the baby—that child of mystery and doubt, perchance of sin—bellowed its loudest.

But we must hasten on.

Events are gathering thickly and rapidly around us, and the secret, which has been hidden, must, in a short time, be revealed.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AT THE GATES.

Slowly, with numerous stoppages, and as though perfectly indifferent to time, the parliamentary train crawled on its way from Manchester to London.

Many, no doubt, were the impatient hearts which throbbed in its numerous carriages, but few had more at stake, or hoped and feared more from this journey than Moll Arkshaw.

Fortunately for her, perhaps, the fatigue and exhaustion consequent upon the terror and privation of the last six and thirty hours so far overcame her as to make her lie back in a corner of a carriage, and fall into a kind of troubled sleep.

In this position, the black hat she wore got pushed over her face as she slept, completely hiding it, and wrapped as she was in the large black cloak, there was nothing about her to attract attention, except that she was dusty, tired, and scarcely clean.

Travellers in third-class carriages in the manufacturing districts are not always remarkable for their recent application of water and soap, or a liberal use of the clothes brush, and though some people did stare at the dusty, even dirty girl, and wondered why she did not keep herself cleaner, no one thought of speaking to her.

At one place where they stopped, Moll had left her corner to go and obtain a cup of coffee and a bun, but she was glad to get back again as soon as possible, and avoid the gaze of the curious eyes which, to her nervous fancy, seemed to be looking at and ready to pounce upon her, and return her to the tender mercies of Bob Brindley.

On this subject, the fear of Bob, her terror was so unreasoning as to be a kind of madness.

It would have been useless to tell her that the

law would restrain Bob from touching her; she could not have believed it, for the law had not been a sufficient safeguard to protect her even in her own house from his violence.

Neither would it have availed to tell her that if she wished for security against her enemy, she had only to go before a magistrate—no, had only to state her case to the first policeman she met, and Bob would be so well taken care of that she need trouble herself no more about him for many a year to come.

Any amount of argument of this kind, as I have said, would have been useless.

Bob had been the tyrant of her childhood, the terror of her girlhood.

This feeling had been checked for a time by Willie Bolton's manly interference and protection, but when he was gone, the old dread, not without a cause, had come back with tenfold intensity until it had become the wild, unreasoning, frantic frenzy of fear, which pauses at nothing to escape from its pursuer.

Death, indeed, appeared but a slight evil in comparison to falling again into his power.

But the train came to its destination at last, and no one had spoken to Moll, except the ticket collector, who looked at her curiously as though to stamp her face upon his brain, then slowly, and even reluctantly left the carriage.

Early as she had started, it was nearly three o'clock before she alighted from the train and walked out of the North Western railway station.

It was the month of May, but rain was falling heavily in the metropolis—indeed, had been doing so since daybreak, and poor Moll stood and looked about her like one dazed and bewildered at the number of people passing to and fro with dripping umbrellas, the crowds of cabs, the rushing of porters, all bent, it appeared to her, on adding to the noise and confusion.

Alone in London, without a home, a friend or even a destination except the dark, gloomy prison in which the one being she loved beyond all others upon earth was confined, no wonder that poor Moll stood, and trembled and shivered at the bewildering babel of sounds around her.

She would have given much for a wash, to take off the coal dust which clung to her hands and face.

A good meal also would have been a luxury, if not a necessity, but neither could be indulged in.

Both would take time, and she had no time to lose.

Millbank Prison, wherever that might be, was the point she was most anxious to reach, and she had some vague idea that if she did not get there before four o'clock, she should not be able to see Willie Bolton that day.

With this thought to inspire her, this hope of gazing on his loved face, even though seen through prison bars, Moll forgot her other discomforts and necessities, and not knowing how else to find or reach the prison, determined upon being extravagant.

"How much be the fare to Millbank Prison?" she asked the driver of a hansom cab.

"Four shillings, miss."

"Aw'll gi'e thee three."

"All right; step in."

And a few minutes more found Moll in the cab and rolling along through the wet and comparatively deserted streets.

At another time a ride through London would have possessed great charms for Moll, but she was too sorrow-stricken, too much impressed with terror of the enemy, who might possibly be following her, and too doubtful and fearful even now of the realization of her hopes of proving her lover's innocence, to give more than a passing glance at the streets and squares through which she was being carried, and to be conscious of a pleasant sensation of relief as the rain blew in and cooled her aching eyes and head.

"It be a long lane as 'ave no turning," she muttered to herself, as she was thus rapidly driven along, "and surely my turn be come now."

But she was mistaken; she had not reached the end of the long lane yet.

She was startled from the preoccupied state of mind into which she had fallen, by the cab pulling up sharply, and the driver shouting through the small trap door over her head—

"Here we be, miss."

Moll started, looked almost wildly around, and then jumped out.

"You don't want me to wait for you?" asked the cabman, as she handed him the stipulated fare.

"Noa," was the reply. "Be this Millbank Prison?"

"Yes, and that's the gate; but you'll be a sharper if you get in without a horder. They doesn't let gentlefolk in as comes in such a carriage as mine, and with their own free will. You're sure you won't wait me again, miss?"

"Aye, aw's sure enough."

And the girl turned towards the gloomy prison, while the man turned his horse's head and pretended to drive slowly away, but he did not go far.

Curiosity, as well as possible profit, induced him to stay and watch whether she did gain access to the gloomy gaol after all.

Did any of you, my readers, ever see the outside of Millbank Prison?

The inside I know so little about, and that little learnt from books, that I will not suppose you are much wiser upon that subject than myself.

The exterior of that dark, sombre building, as it stands so near the banks of the river, and seems to frown with forbidding ugliness upon

all that dare to glance at it, was looking more than usually gloomy on this wet May afternoon.

Who could associate the idea of spring and summer, of sunshine and flowers, of innocence and purity, with that plague spot, the crime contained in which seemed to have oozed out till it had permeated and blackened the very walls and round stone turrets with the restless waves of sin?

And yet Moll Arkshaw did believe that one innocent man, one misjudged and wrongly condemned, lay there, worked there, was a slave and convict in that dark abode, and that she was to be the instrument to acquit, pardon, and deliver him.

Like the true lover whom we read of in the fairy tale, who rode over the pavement of gold to claim the princess who waited to become his bride, and was unconscious, in his eagerness to reach her side, of the precious metal which his horses' hoofs were denting, so Moll, without pausing to think of the horror of the place, of the possibility of refusal, or even to read the rules or regulations painted up, walked unhesitatingly up to the gate, and pulled the bell.

It clanged with a sound which seemed to resent the liberty the girl was taking, and a few seconds after the heavy gate opened, and a man in the uniform of a prison officer inquired, in a tone as uncompromising as that of the bell—

"What do you want?"

"Aw wants to see Willie Bolton, if you please, sir."

"Willie Bolton? There's nobody here of that name."

"Oh, yes, if you please, sir, thar be; he's serving five years, but he's innocent, and aw'm come to prove it, and aw want to see him, please."

"You've got no order, have you?"

"Noa."

"Then what do you mean by coming here? Don't you know that prisoners arn't allowed visitors till they've been here six months, and then only on certain days? You'd best take yourself off and not try this trick again, or you'll find yourself in the hands of the police. Come, off with you."

But his words fell on deaf ears,

The strain upon all her faculties, which had sustained her up to the very gate of the prison in which her lover was caged, gave way now before the seeming certainty of the fruitlessness of her journey, and of all her efforts.

Adverse circumstances had crowded upon her, one after another, with such rapidity that, like a struggling swimmer, constantly buffeted by the strong, cruel waves, Moll Arkshaw had given it up and sunk down under the pitiless storm at last.

"Holloa, Jack, what have you here? A woman waiting to give herself up for nothing."

The speaker was dressed in plain clothes; but despite the lack of any distinguishing mark in his attire, there was something about him which conveyed the idea of his being engaged in hunting out or keeping a strong guard upon the perpetrators of crime.

He was leaving the prison just at the moment that Moll Arkshaw fell down fainting at the feet of the rough, though not hard-hearted turnkey.

"No; some country lass—Lancashire, I fancy—come to ask to see a prisoner who hasn't been here more than a fortnight. The old story of being innocent, of course, and when I said it was no go, she falls down like that."

And the warder pointed to the prostrate girl in an injured, indignant manner, as though she had fainted at his feet for no earthly purpose or motive but to perplex and annoy him.

"Lancashire!" repeated the man in plain clothes. "Did she tell you her name?"

"No; I didn't ask."

"Who was it she wanted to see?"

"A man named William Bolton, sentenced to five years' penal servitude."

"Ah, Bolton! Let's have a look at her."

And the plain clothes man lifted Moll's hat from her head, and took stock of her almost death-like features without making the least attempt to revive her, and with a critical professional coolness, which allowed not a line or lineament to escape him.

"Should think her face was red when she's all right," he remarked.

"Yes, it was red enough where it wasn't black," was the reply. "I should think she hasn't been washed for a week."

"Yes, she looks as though she'd pay for brushing up. What's this about her?—coal dust? Well that's odd," and he began to examine the girl's large hands.

"It's the right one, I think," he said, drawing a long breath.

"I don't think she's a gaol bird, Barkup," said the warder, who was beginning to doubt the shrewdness of his companion.

"She's the woman I want" was the decided, almost curt reply. "Ah, she's coming round. How shall I get her away? Heigh, there!"

And he held up his hand to hail the handsome cab which had hovered about in sight, and which had, as we know, brought Moll to the prison gates.

"Well, good afternoon, Barkup," said the warder, stepping back and closing the heavy door between himself, the detective and the poor, half-conscious mill girl.

"Ah, I thought she'd want me to take her back, though she said she shouldn't," said the cabman, as he descended from his seat to assist the detective in lifting the heavy and still but partially sensible woman.

"Take her back! Then you brought her here?"

"In course I did."

"Where did you bring her from?"

"Euston Square station."

"Did she arrive by train?"

"Yes."

"You are sure?"

"I seed her get out of a third-class carriage of the train as comed from Manchester, and she gaped about her like a body frightened and demented, and then she seel me waiting for a fare, and she axed me how much I'd charge to take her to Millbank Prison, and I said four shillings. She said she'd give me three, and I said all right; but she speaks so broad, it's as much as I could do to understand her."

"And what made you wait?" and the detective's eyes scanned the man's face narrowly.

"Well, I thought it were queer coming straight from the train to the prison, and all alone too, without luggage and nothing, and there was something about the girl as I didn't quite make out, and so I thought I'd wait a few minutes and see if she didn't want me to take her back again."

"Well, you've got a job, at any rate. Here, help me in with her, and then drive—let me see; yes, drive to No.—Vincent Square, Westminster."

The driver and the detective lifted the insensible girl into the cab.

"Only a bob's worth," muttered cab by to himself, as he mounted to his seat.

But he was mistaken, Mr. Barkup gave him half-a-crown, when, having reached his house, he had helped to lead Moll inside.

Mr. Barkup, however, had taken down his number, and also the name of the place at which he lived, adding, with a smile, that scarcely reassured poor cabby, that any further trouble that was given him would be sure to be paid for.

And yet, despite the detective's liberality, the handsome cabman felt injured, as though a prize of indefinite value, the identity even of which he was somewhat doubtful about, had been filched from him.

Thus poor Moll, still unconscious, was carried into the room where sat the detective's wife, her fate taken out of her own hands.

She had succumbed to the stream; she must now drift down with the current.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE SHADOW OF CRIME.

John Barker has covered the traces of one crime by the commission of a greater one—been paid even the price of blood, and what is the consequence?

Instead of going about his work in a steady and apparently reasonable manner, or leaving Oldham and escaping while there was a chance of distancing any possible pursuers, he had, since the night of the murder, been in a state of continual intoxication.

It is no exaggeration to say that he has not been properly sober since the hour when the two girls were lowered down into the coal pit.

More than once since Christmas had the remark been made that it was a mystery where John Barker got the money with which his pockets always seemed supplied to get drunk upon, for he appeared to have abandoned work altogether, and yet never to be obliged to stint himself of anything, or complain of poverty.

When people began to wonder about a thing they generally jump at some conclusion, however improbable it may be, to account for it.

Thus the idea soon got abroad that the two cousins, Bolton and Barker, were equally bad and dishonest, the only difference being that the latter was more clever than his kinsman in evading detection.

All this, however, was but surmise, and thus matters went on till the night of the horrible murder.

It was noticed that night that John came into the "Cross Keys" paler than usual, cleaner, too, and with his Sunday hat on.

Half an hour before closing time, he made his appearance.

But he had swallowed enough to make a couple of men drunk before he was told to go, and even then he carried off a gallon of rum with him to keep him in condition during the night.

On the day following it became evident that his mother's mind was affected.

He lived with her, was indeed her only child, and, her husband being dead, was the only creature she had to love or work for.

John's confirmed habit of drinking could not have been the cause of this, for Sall Barker was herself known to like a drop, and her son's besetting sin had not been the growth of a day, but of years of weakness and indulgence.

She had, according to her neighbors, been remarkably strange and absent in her manner, and so restless as to be unable to settle down to her work until the news of the murder, the murder of her own sister, spread like wildfire through the town.

Then her suppressed excitability broke forth.

She ran off like a wild woman to the cottage, reaching it just as Frank Gresham was carried from its door insensible, and, as the nearest relative of the deceased, she was allowed to enter the room in which the tragedy had taken place and remain there while the gathering crowd was kept outside by the police.

That the sight that met her there was enough to shake her by no means strong or well-balanced mind must be admitted, though it was not until she had taken the hat left by the murderer

in her hands and examined it that the great change which was afterwards noticed came.

"Eigh, aw thort as much," she muttered.

And then she went a few steps from where that huddled form lay, and seating herself on the floor, began to rock herself backwards and forwards like one in pain, her face hidden in her large, coarse hands.

(To be continued.)

FOOLS.

There are fools and fools. The varieties of the genus, indeed, are almost infinite, and it would be ridiculous to attempt to compress a detailed account of their distinctive features within the compass of a single article. There is, however, one way in which the class may be divided—somewhat roughly, perhaps, but with sufficient accuracy for our purposes—that will probably present itself to the mind of the reader, of the accuracy of the method, indeed, we have very little doubt; and we do not think that, whilst it, to some extent, accomplishes that subdivision which is imperatively necessary to the due comprehension of the specific peculiarities of so numerous a family, even the most captious can carp at it for descending too much into paltry and uninteresting details. In this way, then, every specimen may be considered as arranged under one of two heads—people who are fools and know it, and people who are fools and are sublimely unconscious of it.

The former is, unfortunately, a type of individuality that is but rarely—very rarely—met with. We have said unfortunately, for upon the old principle that it is the height of wisdom for a man to know himself, it must surely be a misfortune that a type which, for the very conditions of its existence, pre-assumes self-knowledge, should be scarce. But, on the other hand, specimens of it are usually characterized by one of two peculiarities, either of which is sufficient to inflict considerable discomfort upon the ordinary run of kind-hearted and non-pachydermatous people. They endeavor, vainly of course, to conceal their folly and their own consciousness of it under the cloak of a bullying self-assertion, or they assume a distressing meekness—a sort of "Please-come-and-kick-me" style—which is, if possible, still more insufferable. As, however, from the extreme rarity of genuine specimens, this section does not possess much interest for the ordinary social naturalist, we shall dwell no longer upon it.

The other subdivision, namely, people who are fools and are unsuspecting of the fact, is much more numerous and important. Its members are far from being all cast in the same mould. We have already said that they vary in social position; but they differ also in character, in the nature and extent of their qualification for the title, and consequently in the amount of annoyance which, in respect of such qualification, they are enabled to inflict, and ordinarily do inflict, upon others—indeed they vary in every particular, excepting in the one great fact that binds them together—that they are all fools. But they do not invariably bear this fact so plainly and legibly stamped upon their characters as do the self-conscious class. There are some, it is true, of whom, after five minutes in their society, it is perfectly safe to predicate that they are downright, hopeless, incurable, irretrievable fools; there are others with whom you may be intimately acquainted for months before you can feel honestly certain that they ought to be included in the class at all. Some of the most advanced specimens of the type are to be found amongst those who entertain the most exalted opinion of their own wisdom—impostors who, perhaps, once had some doubt as to whether they really were so much more sagacious than their fellows, but who, from having so long tried to foist off their counterfeit coin upon the public, and to gild their folly with the appearance of wisdom, have at last ended by imposing upon themselves. Take, for example, the obstinate fool, or the conceited fool—they are merely different developments of the same original stock, and their boundaries, in many instances, approach so closely that it is frequently difficult to decide to which species any given individual really belongs. The one, beginning with an unswerving determination to achieve anything, however trivial, upon which he has once entered—a determination which, duly directed and restrained, is manifestly commendable—has at length allowed tenacity of purpose to take the place of reason, and a blind adherence to his own hastily-formed opinions to render him impervious to conviction; the other has so persistently striven to impress upon others that there is no one so clever, or so handsome, or so well-dressed as himself that it would be wonderful indeed if his own mind, or what it pleases him to dignify by that title, entertained any further doubt upon the point. Should you do yourself the honor (for, in his estimation, yours will be the honor) to congratulate him upon the ability he has displayed upon any particular occasion, he will receive your observations with a deprecatory gesture, or a smirking smile, either of which is meant to imply that he is quite aware that he fully deserves your congratulations, but that really it was hardly worth while to offer them; what he has done has cost him so little effort; he could achieve great things and he would, and soon. He is, perhaps, the most obnoxious of all fools to be brought into contact with, since his complacent self-assertion obstinately refuses to be put down, and although

an exceedingly pointed and severe snub, such as you would never think of administering to any one else, may occasionally penetrate even his thick and callous hide, its effect is eminently transient, and he is quickly as annoying and self-opinionated as before. The effect of his presence upon those who have the misfortune to be brought into contact with him, is decidedly unhappy. He is the embodiment of Goethe's idea, which we venture to italicize: "Of all thieves, fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper."

A regard for our readers' patience, and an acute feeling of the hopelessness of any attempt at arriving with even approximate accuracy in the small space remaining at our command, at any more detailed subdivision, induce us to refrain from essaying to describe the pompous old fool, whose objectionable characteristics would alone furnish amply sufficient matter for a separate article, the old fool who is unable to realize the impossibility of any accord between the green spring-time of his wife's youth and the grey of his own locks, the would-be cynic, the gushingly romantic fool (sometimes a "person," he it whispered) and various other typical specimens of the genus.—*Civil Service Review.*

FOE: THIS ARE HUSBANDS.

It is a little singular, remarks the Danbury News, why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead. But she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up, which event generally takes place in the evening. The bedstead has been cleaned in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of the cleaning, and having swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious and very intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and then you scold. The thread which has been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction in the holes has come off, and you have to roll it up again. Then, after you have pulled it through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door. Then you try again, and get it tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bedroom in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing: "Why on earth don't you open the door! Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door, and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First she puts it on the wrong side of the rail, then she moves it so the heat comes up the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most you lose sight of it entirely, and, turning around, find her examining the wall to see how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you, and brings out the perspiration in greater profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out of doors if she doesn't come around with that light. Then she comes around. Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one, and sinking it down, hanging to the head-board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, grab for the head-board, miss it, and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top cords are tightened in another way, and you now proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it the frightful thought strikes you that if one of those feet should slip over nothing on earth would prevent you from being split through to the chin. Then you pull up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself for life, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up, and grunt. Then you move along to the next, and pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle, and commence to think that you are about through even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection, and find that you have got to go back and do it all over. Here you pause for a few minutes of oracular refreshment, and then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch, and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across a bedstead never becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death if he did. Then he goes over it again, waddling and pulling, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves around with the lamp, and tells him to take it easy, and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and that she can't tell which creaks the most, he or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask him to bring in the feather beds. In the dead of night that man will steal up to that room and look at that bedstead and swear.

MEMORIES.

BY MARY M. MILLAR.

Once wand'ring 'mong the autumn woods,
While brown leaves fell and fell,
New hopes kept budding in my breast,
Sweeter than lips could tell.

Beside me walked the one I loved,
His strong hand grasping mine,
His soft words falling on my ear
In accents half divine.

Oh, autumn woods! oh, autumn leaves!
Blush red beneath the sun,
For him who made a hundred vows,
And broke them ev'ry one.

What anguish for the bosom, when
The heart cannot condemn!
When the old affection lingers,
Like leaves about the stem!

Would that the little budding hopes
With which my life was crowned,
Like leaves and flowers, could spring again
Whene'er the spring comes round.

Oh, faded woods! oh, faded flowers!
Your youth will come once more;
But I must pine amid the blasts,
All withered to the core.

Oh, love of mine, come back to me,
And underneath those boughs,
Speak one kind word, and I'll forgive
Thy hundred broken vows!

ONCE A COWARD.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was one evening after we had come in from shooting that she said it. I remember that. I remember also how cheerily the library window at the old hall gleamed out to welcome us, making a ruddy stain on the wet gravel. Didn't it look cosy, too, after a long tiring day spent in tramping through heavy turnip-fields and stiff wet stubble? And yet there was a cosier thing than that before us soon.

My cousin Helen's face! It beamed out on us, a lovely picture framed in the dark, heavily-carved doorway, a bright glowing face set against a bright glowing background like the portrait of some mediæval saint; a glorious face always, but when, as now, bringing the full light of its moist blue eyes and flushed sweet smiles to bear on its fellow-creatures, utterly irresistible.

One of our party, Ducie of Enderbeau, did not attempt to resist it. So completely had that gentleman fallen under my cousin's yoke that I daily expected to hear that, out of sheer gratitude for his worship, the young lady had promised to return him that "love, honor and obedience" which we find mentioned in the Common Prayer Book; nor would the tidings have displeased me. I don't now how it would have been if I had wished to marry Helen myself; but when a fellow has got a dear little girl of his own waiting for him he can be magnanimous about his cousins.

De plus, Ducie was one of my dearest friends; one of those men who manage to carry away every heart, male and female; a sort of Saxon Apollo.

He turned into the library at once, saying something to Helen as he passed her, which made the flush deepen pinkly in her fair cheeks; and Tom Jackson and I followed. Cis Devereux slipped up stairs to dress. He was too great a dandy to present himself to the fair sex under the disadvantages of rumpled locks and muddy leggings.

Looking at Ducie I fancied the said disadvantage made him rather more handsome than usual. I wonder if he knew it. The girls did, for they accepted most amiably his apologies for our intrusion in such guise (Tom Jackson said "as such guys!"), and declared that we might have a full half hour to toast in front of the fire before going up to dress for dinner.

I fancy it was Devereux's absence which turned the conversation on him. Jackson never could bear him, and said so, adding, like the broad, outspoken Yorkshireman he was, that the fellow had no more courage than a rabbit; "actually winced every time a gun went off near him."

One of the girls rather objected to this. But Mary Jackson took her brother's part, and gave us an amusing instance of Devereux's want of courage in some mountain adventure they had enjoyed together. She made us all laugh by the way she told it; and it was then Helen exclaimed, with a scornful curl of her pretty lip: "I am sorry you told us. I never liked Captain Devereux, but I detest a coward."

Girls, when of impetuous dispositions, sometimes use much stronger expressions than they have any idea of. The bitter word coward, flung like a shot into the middle of our little group by a girl, produced a momentary silence; and I began to feel annoyed with my fair cousin for forgetting that Devereux was our guest, and to meditate giving her a private lecture.

To my unutterable surprise, Ducie saved me the trouble by taking the reins in his own hands, and bringing up the spirited offender

with a jerk. He had been leaning against the mantelpiece, gazing down at her with a sort of dreamy admiration in his dark eyes; but now he straightened himself as suddenly as if the shot had struck him, and spoke in a dry, hard tone, which must have been quite new to his beautiful young hostess.

"Do you think that is a fair term to apply to the gentleman in question, Miss Curtis?"

Helen stared. She was not used to rebukes from her lovers, and instantly resented this one by as dry and hard an answer.

"After what Miss Jackson has just told us? Yes, Mr. Ducie, I do."

"Then I think you are very wrong, if you will allow me to say so."

"You do not wait to be allowed—" Helen began haughtily; then flushed up and softened, like a regular woman, into a personal appeal. "But I could hardly make allowance even for you, Mr. Ducie, whom we know to be a brave man, if you did not hate cowardice at least as much as I do."

"I do—hate cowardice," he answered, with an unwonted emphasis which struck us all. "So much so that I do not like even to hear the word applied to a man who probably does not deserve it."

"But if he does?"

"You have no proof that Captain Devereux does."

"Not Mary's story? Oh, Mr. Ducie!" (getting angry again, and her blue eyes flashing impatiently), "you cannot bring me to look at bad things with simple indifference. The word may be ugly, the thing is much uglier; and not even your eloquence" (very scornfully) "could make me regard a coward with any feelings but pity and contempt."

Did you ever see a picture (it was in the Academy some years ago) of Mary of Scotland turning on the rebel lords who have come to extort her signature to the deed of abdication? Do you remember the look of unutterable scorn with which she bares her white arm, bruised black with the grip of Ruthven's mailed fingers? Helen Curtis looked like the outraged queen just then, as she sat erect in her low chair, her eyebrows raised, her ripe lips curved in a beautiful scorn. Ducie, white as death, looked, looked at her steadily, his hand clenched behind his back, but made no reply. I thought of the *Taming of the Shrew*, and wondered whether Ducie was deciding with Hortensio, "Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love." Mary Jackson, whose giddy tongue had provoked the quarrel, rose uncomfortably, saying that it must be time to dress, and fluttered away. Tom Jackson and his pretty wife following.

Then to my great joy, Helen, seeing herself left alone, rose to depart likewise, and was turning the door when Ducie stopped her.

"One word," he said, speaking with a sort of forced calmness. "Putting this nonsensical story of Miss Jackson's on one side, would you call a man a coward because his courage had failed him signally in one solitary instance."

I bit my lip. I saw Helen was on her mettle, and indeed her answer proved me right.

"Decidedly I should. I judge a man's heart by what he does, not by what he says; and the more sudden the call, the more surely he acts according to his natural instincts. One greater than you or I said of his disciples, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and I—when I see a man do a cowardly act—I know he must be a coward at heart. You are making yourself special pleader in a bad cause, Mr. Ducie. Pray let us drop the subject. You forget" (drawing up her head like an offended queen) "that my father died before Lucknow, and therefore it is not likely that his daughter should have any sympathy for a coward."

"I am sorry for it," he said gravely. "I should have thought the fact carried its own punishment heavily enough without—Miss Curtis, it wants ten minutes yet to the dressing-bell. May I tax your patience for half that time while I tell you a story?"

"Certainly," she said, and sat down again with a little air of offended surprise.

I made a movement to go, observing that I always knew Ducie was an uncommonly brave fellow, but now I had a higher opinion than ever of his courage, since I saw him venture to brave so very fiery a young lady as my cousin.

She smiled and blushed a little at this, dropping her face like a lovely pink lily. He only made a gesture to stay me, and said:

"I would rather you remained, Fred. You compliment me by calling me a brave fellow. Miss Curtis paid me a similar compliment just now. I—but I will tell you my story, and then you shall tell me what you would call the hero, and whether you could have any kind of feelings for such a person."

He spoke to me, but his eyes were on Helen; and I saw her whiten and flinch as if some one had threatened her with a blow.

Like a fool I never guessed the reason why.

"Two years ago," Ducie said, "a friend of mine and his servant were traveling in South America. The former went abroad for his health—not that he was ill when the anecdote I am going to tell you took place. You will please not make that excuse for him—he was perfectly well; and he took his servant with him because the lad was so attached to him, such a faithful, true-hearted fellow that he could not make up his mind to leave him behind. It was scorching hot weather, such heat as you may expect in a country which lies on the southern border of Brazil; and my friend used to go every morning to bathe at the Playa Ramirez, a large unsheltered bay about a mile and a half from the town. A beautiful stretch of sand it was,

the best bathing-place in the neighborhood; and yet a very dangerous one; for if you went outside a certain number of yards you were liable to get entangled in one of two or three conflicting currents, which in a dead calm you could see curling about within each other like harmless sea-serpents; but which, if they caught you in their strong embrace, would assuredly carry you out into the Atlantic, unless you happened to be a strong and clever swimmer.

"Well, one morning my friend and John Barton, his servant, went to bathe as usual about seven o'clock—a late hour in those climates, Miss Curtis, where most people start at five, and where the sun is almost strong enough to roast the brains in your head by eight. As a natural consequence they found themselves alone at the playa, having met most of the Montevideans returning. All the better. Englishmen are not fond of publicity, as you're aware."

"My friend went in first, leaving Barton to watch his clothes, lest any of the small fry from the negro hamlet of washerwomen above the bay should come down and appropriate the articles; and when he had sufficiently refreshed himself and emerged on to the sands again, Barton went in for a similar enjoyment."

"It could not possibly have been five minutes later. He had barely got into his clothes when he heard a piercing shriek from the water, and turning, saw that Barton had disappeared. The next moment, however, the lad's head rose to the surface about a dozen yards from the shore, and he cried out, 'Master, help! The cramp! Help!' before going down like a stone."

"Of course you think the master dashed in and dragged him out. It was not much to do for this faithful fellow who had served him so well, and left his friends and home rather than leave him. He did no such thing."

"He hesitated, and his limbs turned to ice, and every drop of blood in his body to water. Like a wave there rushed over him the thought that he could not swim a stroke, that he was encumbered with his clothes, that Barton was a stronger man than himself, that once in the current with a drowning man's clutch at his neck, they must both inevitably be swept out to sea and perish. It was only a moment; then the lad's head rose again. For one second his eyes caught his master's face in a look of wild, despairing appeal; and, maddened by the situation, my friend rushed—not into the water, but up the bank, shrieking for help to the men who drive the sand-carts along the brow of the bay."

"Before he had gone two yards—before they had even heard him, Barton sank for the third time and—all was over."

"Sheer physical fear, a spasm of unconquerable cowardice which he had never felt before in his whole life, and which, finding him utterly unprepared for it, completely overmastered the man's entire nature, had in that one miserable minute cost the life of the faithful servant, and darkened his own forever."

"There's not much more to tell you. It was just the turn of the tide. Within twenty minutes of the affair, the waves flung poor Barton's dead body within reach of the man who might have tried to save his life, and did not. The 'peons' helped him carry it up the bank and lay it on the sand cart, to bring it into town. I believe it was buried decently next day. They told me so; but before then I was ill, raving with a sunstroke which—"

"You!" The word leapt from my lips in a cry of horror. "Ducie! you don't mean that you have told us of—that you were that—"

He turned and looked me in the face.

"Yes, Fred, I was that man; I, whose 'pluck' people are so fond of praising."

There was a dead silence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY PUELLA.

It was a charming face crowned with masses of bright, waving hair—and clear gray eyes, that had an honest look in their soft depths. A face not absolutely beautiful, perhaps, but intellectual and refined. Belle Wilford held the velvet-framed miniature temptingly forward.

"Is it not perfectly lovely?" she asked, in true school-girl parlance, as she placed the portrait in my outstretched hand. "And she is coming this evening," she rippled on in her own pretty fashion, without waiting for a reply. "She is to spend the six weeks before my marriage with me; so, as Harry's away, I determined to make use of you, Fred, and take you with me to the depot, to meet Eleanor. I never could pass those files of hackmen without a manly arm to lean upon. The carriage is to be here at three," she proceeded, consulting a tiny mockery of a watch, "and it only wants a minute of the hour." Being breathless from the above harangue, Miss Belle considerably ended her remarks, and without further ado, scampered upstairs, leaving behind the comforting assurance that she would only be absent "two seconds and a quarter," but which meant by my steady old chronometer, just ten minutes, as I informed the young damsel when she entered the room, radiant in silk and ermine.

On our way to the depot, I was entertained by voluminous accounts of Belle's paragon—as I dubbed her—Eleanor Atherton.

"Of course," said my impulsive young sister that was to be, "of course you will fall in love with Eleanor, and want to perpetrate matri-

mony—if she'll have you, which I greatly doubt, though you will have plenty of opportunities to wheedle her into imagining you a capital sort of a fellow."

I edged in with an air of becoming languor, the possible difficulty of my kindling "*une grande passion*," though I would place no restriction on Miss Atherton's lavishing a life's devotion on me. Miss Belle heard me through with scornfully bright eyes, and a decided upturning of her already piquantly *retroussé* nose.

"You conceited fellow!" apostrophized she, with an emphatic shake of her dainty head and forefinger. "You needn't imagine, because you are moderately handsome, with a small amount of brains, and some money, that my Eleanor will drop into your arms."

With which rejoinder the carriage rolled heavily into the depot, and the footman opening the door, announced the train as just coming in.

We hurried along, or, as Belle would have phrased it, "we rushed frantically" in the direction of the New York car.

"There she is!" cried Belle, excitedly, and, with an utter disregard of personal appearances, sprang forward to meet her friend.

Thus, for the first time, I saw Eleanor Atherton. She was looking down in Belle's upturned face, one hand resting on her friend's shoulder, the other clasped in Belle's—such a beautiful, tender smile on her lips, such steadfast love in her sweet, clear eyes. The meetings of most school friends seem to me frivolous, and sometimes insincere, with their noisy kisses and clattering, mangle chatter; but here, indeed, was something different.

I was thus philosophizing, unnoticed and forgotten, when Belle suddenly bethought herself of my desolate condition, and turning, laughingly apologized.

"I had nearly forgotten a person of some importance, Eleanor," she said, and presented us.

Miss Atherton raised her eyes frankly to mine.

"I am indeed happy to know Belle's future husband," she said, and extended her hand, which I instantly imprisoned.

"Husband, indeed!" quoth Belle, with a merry laugh, and a comical elevation of two prettily arched eyebrows. "Don't even suggest the idea, or he'll be imagining he can have me for the asking. It's nobody but Harry's brother, on whom I've conferred the favor of giving him something to do, though he doesn't seem capable of expressing his obligations just now," glancing mischievously at me.

I bowed, and murmured, "I'm truly grateful," though I felt "capable" of pulling her diabolical little ear without a twinge of remorse. Miss Atherton seemed to understand her, however, for she turned to me in an instant, with such a bright smile on her face that it made her fairly beautiful.

These two young ladies, having made a convenience of me, somewhat ignored my presence on our passage out Broad Street; but it was sufficient for me to sit opposite them, and listen to Belle's piquant remarks, while I watched Miss Atherton's ever changeable face. It was a pleasant evening, with we three en *tête-à-tête*. Of course, Harry being away, I was obliged to put up with many pert speeches from the irrepressible Belle, but I was even repaid for these gay sallies on myself by the sweet, musical laughter they sometimes evoked from Miss Atherton. Her voice decidedly differed from the C sharp tones so general in American women. I was continually settling in my mind that she was not beautiful, and as constantly altering my opinion. It was when she spoke that the color, flashing into her cheeks, illumined her whole face.

In the course of the following weeks we were thrown much together; I found myself imagining that she was not happy—that there was a subdued sorrow in her eyes—a sadness, even, in the sweet gravity of her smile. I began calculating—to my own amazement be it here recorded—as to whether I should "fall in love," in common phraseology, with this pale-faced paragon of Belle Wilford's praises, and while I fancied that I still continued in the state of indecision, I awoke to find that I did love her with all the strength of my passionate nature. With this knowledge came a second truth—I was utterly unworthy of her, and confessed it to my silent mentor with a candor that would have charmed Belle.

Being Miss Atherton's first gentleman acquaintance in town, perhaps I had the advantage of others in gaining her attention. I strove hard to win her esteem. It grew to be a pleasure to me to trace the soft pink flush rising in her cheeks, to watch her clear eyes grow brilliant with interest and intellect. I found, afterwards, it was a dangerous amusement for me. It seemed absurd, and almost improbable, that in six weeks my whole self-opinion, pleasures, and pursuits should be entirely changed, and all this revolution brought about without the slightest knowledge of my hopes being rewarded. Indeed, I knew she disapproved of many of my self-conceived ideas—above all, of my indolent mode of life. I abjured immoderate smoking, billiards and wine—began to think of going into my legitimate business, the law, instead of lounging aimlessly at the club, and driving recklessly to the devil generally.

Perhaps, after all, I was as much "sinned against as sinning." Father died when we were boys, leaving us more money than was good for us. Madame *ma mère*, proud, fashionable and frivolous, reared us, or rather permitted us to rear ourselves as best we could. The effects operated variously; Harry grew up business like and steady, Ralph a "devil-me-care" specimen of a dog, low in his tastes and habits, while

I, having the best share of looks, was petted and flattered till self-comfort became the chief aim of my existence.

Now that the scales were fallen from my eyes, I turned away, disgusted, from this living picture, discouraged, but not despairing, I would hope, at least, until I no longer had the right.

So came quickly the night of Belle's wedding. That young damsel, somewhat daunted and subdued by the nearness of the approaching ceremony, looked withal very pretty in her costly lace dress. The ceremony over, we all stood stiffly—as must always be at these abominations called "wedding receptions," receiving congratulations, etc. Belle leaned over, interrupting a *tele-à-tele* with Eleanor, and half-whispered,—

"Fred, here comes your old flame, Estelle Honori—beware!"

She was crossing the room towards us, in her usual stately fashion, with her sweeping, amber-hued satin brightening her rich, dark beauty. After the usual formula to Belle she turned to me.

"You completely ignore me, Mr. Gordon," she said, flashing her brilliant eyes and diamonds on my companion.

I bowed, with some flattery, insincerity, over her small gloved hand, and she passed on, forgotten at once—at least by me.

Later, when Eleanor and I were promenading, she looked up suddenly in my face, and said, without the slightest preamble,—

"She is very beautiful."

"Who?" I asked, at a loss for her meaning.

"Miss Honori," she answered simply.

I looked down at her a little curiously.

"Oh! Estelle, you mean," I replied, carelessly. "Yes, she married for position. She was quite a fancy of mine once, until I learned she was a gambler's daughter."

I was returning a bow while speaking, and when I looked again at my companion, I was fairly startled by the gray pallor of her face.

"Great Heavens!" I cried, thoroughly alarmed. "Eleanor, you are ill!"

We were close to the conservatory, and I led, almost carried her there—then into the garden beyond, where the cold air seemed to revive her. But she was very quiet and *distracted*, her head resting on her round white arm, her profile clearly defined to my admiring eyes, the very prototype of youthful purity in her white dress. I could not help it; then and there, to the sound of distant music swelling and dying on the air, I told her, without useless paraphrase that I loved her, and asked her to become my wife. She heard me silently, with the long dark lashes veiling her eyes from mine; but the quivering droop of her sensitive mouth, and tumultuously heaving bosom, told the agitation she tried hard to repress. She asked me to give her time for reflection until to-morrow. I could not but acquiesce, though reluctantly. She thanked me, and turned to leave me; she was too unwell to return to the parlor. She had ascended two or three of the conservatory steps when she turned and extended her hand, saying,—

"Good-bye, Frederick."

The unwonted mention of my given name filled me with hope. I clasped her soft hand in a firm, strong pressure.

"Not good-bye, but good-night, Eleanor," I answered. "One word more," I added hastily; "let your answer to-morrow be what it will, remember, I hold you blameless; I have everything to fear, nothing to hope—but I trust my whole future in your hands."

Her lips framed, almost inarticulately,—

"May God bless you!"

In another instant she was gone.

I made my adieu to my new sister—Eleanor was to fill her place at home until their return from the wedding trip—and sauntered homeward—to a restless night, haunted by tumultuous dreams, with a wild longing for the morrow to come and bring the fruition or destruction of my hopes. I reared endless "*Châteaux en Espagne*," in which Eleanor Atherton invited me to labor and industry.

I was in the saddle, and *en route* for the Wilford mansion full an hour before "propriety" permitted my entering the house, so I turned my horse's head in the direction of the park. When I finally dismounted and presented my card at the door, the astounding response was,—

"Miss Eleanor left town unexpectedly, this morning, sir. I was to give you this note."

I accepted it in a stunned, mechanical way, and remounted my horse, waiting outside. I had gone aimlessly two or three blocks before I read the few lines; they were simply this:—

"My heart is always yours, dear Frederick; although my hand can never be. I am the daughter of a gambler."

Not knowing or caring what I did, I dug the spurs sharply into the horse's sides. The spirited animal plunged, reared, and flung me upon a pile of stones lying on the road. My left arm was so horribly mutilated that they were obliged eventually to amputate it. My collar bone was dislocated, while a frightful gash across the forehead spoiled my good looks forever. In this dilapidated condition I was conveyed home, delirious.

It was two weeks before I recovered consciousness. I was as weak as an infant, and equally as helpless. The slightest exertion or excitement was prohibited. I could only lie still and brood over the ills to which I had fallen heir. My mind constantly vacillated between writing to Eleanor and silence; for maimed and disfigured for life as I was, had I a right, or was it generous, to ask her to mate her loveliness with my deformity? But my heart rose

up in arms against my pride. It maddened me to think that I was lying there, a helpless log, while Eleanor—what must she believe? That I had given her up, knowing she was the daughter of a gambler.

I had been a solitary man in the way of friendships; there was not one of whom I could demand as a right his sympathy and assistance. As a "*dernier ressort*," God help me! I determined to confide in my mother—to ask her to write to the woman I loved, and beg her to come to her heart as a daughter.

She heard me through in silence to the end, then answered in her coldest, proudest manner,—

"If you have no pride, you must, at least, excuse me from participating in the disgrace of our name," and swept out of the room.

Ah, well! At last Harry and Belle came home. They knew nothing of my illness until their arrival. I would not let their wedding trip be marred or curtailed by the knowledge of my accident. When Harry went out of the room, awhile, with my mother, I told Belle, in my feeble, disconnected way, all that I have tried to express here. She looked very grave.

"I thought something had happened," she said. "I had a short note from Eleanor while I was away, telling me she was unexpectedly obliged to go home. But one is so happy when married—I haven't found time to answer it yet. But I'll do it to-morrow, Fred, and tell her as much as even you could desire. I forgot the Gordon pride, or I should have told you Eleanor's position. I did not think it necessary, but I was mistaken."

I groaned in very bitterness of self-reproach. "Now, Fred," continued Belle, in her bright, cheerful way, "take my receipt; get well as fast as possible, and go over to New York to see her. In the meantime, as I said before, I'll write. No more morbid fancies about deformities and such trash. I'm sure if you had lost both your arms, and those obsolete articles, legs, likewise, she would love you quite as much, if not more, than when you had the full prescribed number."

Somehow, Belle's visit did me a wonderful amount of good. The very eagerness with which I obeyed her counsel seemed to retard my recovery. Therefore it was fully two months longer before collar bone readjusted, I was literally "on my legs" again. Very faint and dizzy I felt as I stepped on board the cars, though hope buoyed me up—a very faint hope, however, for Belle's letter had not been answered.

I went at once to the house where Belle had directed me—an elegant brown stone, with couchant lions on either side of the wide steps. I saw at a glance the house was unoccupied. However, I pulled the bell; the gong sounded dimly through the house; but after an instant that seemed an hour, the door opened. I asked for Miss Atherton. The servant replied that she and her father had sailed for Europe a month before. I managed to enquire if she knew their address. She hobbled into the house, and came back shortly with their direction. I copied it—they were in Paris—and went back to my hack. I formed the rapid resolution to follow her to Europe. I might as well employ my time in that way as any other. Belle voted my resolve as highly sensible; indeed, my little sister did everything in her pretty, kind way, to rouse me from my despondency.

In a few days I had made all other arrangements, and went down to the bank to see how my account stood, and to arrange for my journey.

"Been making some pretty heavy draws on us lately, Gordon," said one of the partners, who had known me from a boy. "This betting and gambling is very bad in a young man—let me advise—"

I suppose he would have preached me a homily on the spot, but I interrupted him. "What in the deuce do you mean?" I demanded, for my drafts had been comparatively light of late.

For answer, he handed me some papers. "You don't mean to say—" he commenced, as he saw me start violently.

"I don't mean to say anything," I interrupted, hotly, and walked off, my brain in a perfect whirl of rage and passion. For who would dare to attempt the forgery of my signature unless it were my brother Ralph, he whom I had so often attempted to save from ruin, and who now had effectually ruined me? My doubt was confirmed by a note awaiting me at the house; it ran thus:—

"MY DEAR FELLOW,—As you've been so philanthropically engaged in trying to reform me, I know you won't mind my borrowing a few thousand for a year or so. Tell the old lady to be careful of the family honor. In return, I'll look after her diamonds."

RALPH.

I went at once to my mother's dressing room; she was preparing for a dinner party.

"Do you wear your diamonds to-night?" I asked, abruptly.

The question and my presence there were so unusual, that she turned suddenly, with a gesture of surprise, to look at me. She must have seen something strange in my face, for she sank into a chair, and asked, faintly,—

"What is it?"

I handed her the note, and the dreadful truth flashed upon her. There came into my mother's face a look of real sorrow, as she held out her hands to me and sobbed,—

"My poor son!"

I went to her, and took her in my arms; from

that hour we were as mother and son should be.

But it was a hard, bitter time. My dream of future happiness, with Eleanor Atherton as my wife, was vanished. Even should I seek and find her, I had nothing to offer her acceptance, and honor forbade my binding her, for years, perhaps, to an engagement with an almost penniless man. For my mother's sake, and my own as well, I let Ralph and the money go. It would only have wasted time and substance to have sought him in person—to detectives I would not trust it. So I gave it all up, and settled down to the plodding life of a young lawyer.

Thus ten years had passed, and I, toiling onward on my self-marked path, had risen to eminence and fortune. But the impetus to my exertions was long since gone. Eleanor Atherton was married. I never forgot her. In time and absence the bitterness of my regret wore off—but I never could or did marry.

My mother, a gray haired woman now, looked at me with wistful eyes, sitting in my silent study, night after night. At length, noticing her drooping figure, and pale, sad face, I took myself to task for leading her such a solitary life, and mentally resolved, for her sake, to make some concessions to gaiety.

That very evening Belle came to me, her eyes shining like illuminated windows.

"I want you to come to my re-union. Thursday night, with your mother," she commenced, breathlessly. "Will you promise?"

And to that lady's no small astonishment, and evident satisfaction, I consented without the slightest demur.

"That's a dear good fellow," she said, with patronizing approval, and being, as she termed it, in "frantic haste," she vanished like a sunbeam out of my dusty office.

When we entered Belle's well-lighted saloons, next evening, I quietly ensconced myself in the shade of some ample skirted votary of fashion, and glanced carelessly around. What was it that made me start and then bend forward eagerly? Was that full, voluptuous figure, robed in shining satin and delicate lace, the form of Eleanor Atherton? With fiercely beating heart, and with all my long dormant love fully awakened, I scrutinized each feature. She was standing beneath the blaze of a chandelier, her brightly gleaming hair, and jewels reflected from it, almost statuesque in her proud composure as she listened to the endless flatteries of half a dozen scented coxcombs of fashion. By some magnetic impulse her eyes met mine. The same instant she recognized me, and I came forward. She started, and—ah! I saw it—she pitied me. That maddened me, I merely touched her extended hand, murmured some commonplace incoherency, and quitted her for my mother's side.

At length Belle came floating toward me, a wonderfully pretty vision in sea-green.

"You lazy fellow!" she apostrophized. "You need not think to dream away your evening thus—I wish to speak with you."

Forthwith we sauntered out into the hall.

"Did I not surprise you nicely? Have you spoken to Eleanor yet?"

At which I answered "Yes," so shortly, that Belle pursed up her pretty mouth, vented, laconically, an "Oh!" which spoke volumes.

"She never received the letter I wrote her while you were sick, Frederick," said Belle, after a moment's silent pacing up and down the hall. "Her father made her very unhappy, and forced her to break off her correspondence with me. She married, at last, to please him, a man old enough to be her father, and between them, she was perfectly wretched. They both died of malarious fever at Rome, two years ago; she was very ill a long time herself; as soon as she recovered, and her business affairs were in such order that she could leave, she left France, to come to me. Frederick, do you love her still?"

"Belle," I answered, bitterly, "it cannot matter to Madame La Comtesse d'Arville whether Frederick Gordon loves her or not."

While my sister had been talking, I was watching Eleanor with a fierce pain, jealousy and despair tearing at my heart-strings. Beautiful, prosperous and rich, with the whole fashionable world fallen gladly at her feet, so grandly, coldly lovely.

A month passed, and for all Belle's many diplomatic manoeuvres, we were still estranged and reserved.

I think my solitary life had made me morbid. Certain it was that in Eleanor's presence I was always cold, distant and reserved. It was the only barrier I could rear between my passionate love and her. It grew to be such a fierce struggle between pride and passion, that I determined to go away until I conquered myself. I made all my preparations in silence, until, at last, it only remained for me to say farewell.

She came into the parlor to see me, looking almost as she did when I first knew her in her simple blue gown; but she was quiet and *distracted*, while I was even more cold and formal than usual. In ten minutes, I found I had reached the limit of my endurance; I rose to go, and clasped her soft, warm hand in a close pressure. I felt my face contort with the pain I could not repress. Her hand turned cold in mine, and she shuddered. I fairly sickened with the thought that I was repulsive to her. I turned abruptly, and advanced a few steps to the door, but I was not so strong as I used to be. My brain reeled—I lost consciousness for an instant, and fell heavily. Then, in a sort of delicious trance, I became sensible of warm, quick, passionate kisses upon my head and lips.

When I opened my eyes, my head was upon her bosom. Our eyes met and lingered lovingly while the sweet pink flush stole softly into her

white cheeks. I put my one poor arm about her neck, and drew her lips to mine.

Oh, perfect happiness! She loved me. Shall I ever forget the halcyon happiness of that soft spring day, when, with her bright, upturned face upon my shoulder, and my arm about her waist, she told me the story of her sad young life? But what need of its relation here? For she lay upon my heart—my own—my love—mine, mine at last!

THE TALLEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

The highest bridge in the world is said by *Van Nostrand's Magazine* to be the Verrugas viaduct, on the Lima and Oroya Railroad, in the Andes of Peru. The viaduct crosses a mountain torrent, called the Agua de Verrugas, in a wild and picturesque locality, 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The structure consists of four deck spans of the Fink type of truss, three of which are 110 feet long, and one, the central span, 125 feet long. The spans rest on piers built of wrought-iron columns. The piers are 50 feet long by 15 feet wide on the top. There being three piers, the total length of the viaduct is 375 feet. The piers are the principal feature of interest, and are respectively 145 feet, 252 feet, and 187 feet high. Each pier consists of twelve legs, which in plan form a rectangle. The legs are composed of a series of wrought-iron six-segment columns, in lengths of 25 feet, connections being made by cast-iron joint boxes, having tenons on each end running into the column. The tenons and the face of casting against which the column bears are machine-dressed, so as to obtain an accurate fit and perfect bearing surface. The columns have an exterior diameter of 12 inches, and a diameter, including flanges, of 16 inches. Compared with other works of a similar type, such as the Crumlin viaduct, which has hitherto borne off the palm, it is far ahead, both in magnitude and perfection of details.

SUMMER DRINKS.

The general want in summer of some refreshing drink is widely known by the return to the shop windows of the ice-cream advertisements—and here let it be remarked that no more injurious custom obtains than that of eating or drinking iced preparations; the sudden check to the stomach has on more than one occasion caused death. Thirst is commonly caused by the loss of fluid from the blood through the pores of the skin; therefore a certain amount of water is required to counterbalance such loss; and this requires to be palatable and refreshing, for, owing to the enervating influence of warm weather, the mouth becomes constantly dry. The fluids which best quench thirst are, first, hot tea, which, if sipped, slightly inflames or stimulates the mouth, and causes a constant flow of saliva; secondly, aerated waters, which are very refreshing, but they lack an important element—cheapsness; thirdly, very good ginger beer and ginger ale. Another pleasing drink is made by adding to a tumbler of water two teaspoonfuls of lemon syrup. The last may be made as follows: Obtain two and a half ounces of citric acid and two scruples of essence of lemon; boil four pounds of loaf sugar in a quart of water, skim it carefully, and add the acid and essence. This will keep for any length of time in well-corked bottles. Ordinary beer, spirits, &c., do not quench the thirst effectually, the first, savored with salt, really tends to increase it, while spirits, by inflaming the coats of the stomach, increase the want; weak wine and water is a refreshing draught, but is not required except in enfeebled systems. In large ironworks and other factories where the men are exposed to great heat, oatmeal is mixed with water and drunk with great benefit; we fear it would not recommend itself, however, to a fanciful palate. For children toast and water is very wholesome. Toast slowly a thin piece of bread till extremely brown and hard, but not the least black, then plunge it into a jug of cold water and cover it over an hour before use. The water should be of a fine brown color before drinking.

I HAVE told the following to so many people, all of whom found it new, that it may be so to half the world. Colonel M., of the ———, was, twenty years ago, the best billiard player in the British army; and, walking into a billiard room in the Quadrant, met there an American, who was knocking about the balls. "Sir," said he, "I like your style of play," in rather a patronizing tone. "Wal," said the Transatlantic, in an off-hand way, "you are not the first man who has said that." "Suppose," said the colonel, "we play a game together, what points shall I give you?" "Guess I'll play you for anything you like, without the points." "Sir," said the colonel, rather taken aback, "perhaps you are not aware that my name is M." (expecting an immediate acceptance of any number of points). "M. presents no idea to me," said the stranger. "Very good, sir," said the colonel, with a pitying smile, "then I will play you even." And before ten strokes he found, to his utter astonishment, that he had, for the first time for many years, got more than his own match. After easily administering a most hollow defeat, the American turned to the colonel, and said, "You had the goodness, sir, to tell me that your name was M.; which, I said, presented no idea to me. Mine is Jonathan Kentfield; which, I guess, will present some idea to you."

MESMERISM.

ITS HISTORY AND SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

MESMER, the man who has given his name to the peculiar manifestation of force which will form the subject of consideration in this article, was born in Baden in 1739. At an early age he displayed a passion for the mystical. He became a student at Vienna while yet a youth, and devoted a very large share of his attention to the exploded science of astrology. In the year 1766 he published a volume upon the subject, in which he endeavored to demonstrate the character of the influence that the stars were supposed to exert upon beings living upon the earth. At a later period he abandoned astrology, and began to investigate the peculiar properties of magnetism. He was impressed with the idea that the diseases with which the human body is afflicted could be cured by application of this power, and from 1773 to 1776 he attempted to heal the diseased in Vienna by stroking them with magnets. It is a fact that he succeeded in accomplishing some surprising and inexplicable results with his process, and he enjoyed, consequently, a considerable amount of popularity. But in 1776, while upon a professional tour, Mesmer happened to meet with a rival in a monk named Gassner, who was busy operating upon the Bishop of Ratisbon for disease of the eyes. Mesmer noticed that the monk conducted his operations without magnets, and yet produced very satisfactory results; so thenceforward he abandoned the use of magnets, and depended for his effects almost wholly upon a process which will presently be described. He found that his patients recovered as rapidly by this new method as by the other, and the fact is, we believe, undoubted, that he really did effect permanent cures in many cases.

In 1777 his reputation, which must always have hung upon a rather slender thread, broke down completely, through his failure to cure the sickness of an eminent and popular musician named Paradies. So Mesmer left Vienna and went to Paris.

He arrived in the latter city in 1778, and began modestly by making himself and his theory known to the principal physicians. At first his encouragement was but slight. He found people more inclined to laugh at than to patronize him. But he was a man who had great confidence in himself, and of perseverance which no difficulties could overcome. He hired a sumptuous apartment, which he opened to all comers who chose to make a trial of the new power of nature. M. d'Esion, a physician of great reputation, became a convert; and from that time animal magnetism, or, as some called, mesmerism, became the fashion in Paris. The women were quite enthusiastic about it, and their admiring tattle wafted its fame through every grade of society. Mesmer was the rage, and high and low, rich and poor, credulous and unbelieving, all hastened to convince themselves of the power of this mighty magician, who made such magnificent promises.

Mesmer, who knew as well as any man living the power of the imagination, determined that on that score nothing should be wanting to heighten the effect of the magnetic charm. In all Paris there were no apartments so charmingly furnished as Monsieur Mesmer's. Richly-stained glass shed a dim, religious light on his spacious saloons, which were almost covered with mirrors; orange blossoms scented all the air of his corridors; incense of the most expensive kind burned in the antique vases on his chimney-pieces; Æolian harps sighed melodious music from distant chambers; while sometimes a sweet female voice, from above or below, stole softly upon the mysterious silence that was kept in the house, and insisted upon from all visitors.

The method adopted by Mesmer in treating his patients was as follows: In the centre of the saloon was placed an oval vessel, about four feet in its longest diameter and one foot deep. In this were laid a number of wine bottles, filled with magnetized water, well corked up and disposed in radii, with their necks outward. Water was then poured into the vessel so as just to cover the bottles, and filings of iron were thrown in occasionally to heighten the magnetic effect. The vessel was then covered with an iron cover, pierced through with many holes, and was called the baquet. From each hole issued a long movable rod of iron, which the patients were to apply to such parts of their bodies as were afflicted. Around this baquet the patients were directed to sit, holding each other by the hand and pressing their knees together as closely as possible, to facilitate the passage of the magnetic fluid from one to the other.

What followed may easily be imagined. One person became hysterical, then another; one was seized with catalepsy, others with convulsions; some with palpitations of the heart, perspirations and other bodily disturbances. But however various and different these convulsive movements, they all went by the name of "the salutary crisis." The method was supposed to provoke in the sick person exactly the kind of action propitious to his recovery. And it may easily be imagined that many a patient found himself better after a course of this rude empiricism, and that the effect produced by these events occurring daily in Paris must have been very considerable. To the ignorant the scene was wonderful and deeply impressive. To us, however, it is clear that the causes which were present were mental excitement and the contagiousness of hysteria, convulsions and trance.

Of course Mesmer's performances caused great excitement among the doctors, and the faculty denounced him in savage terms as a charlatan. When they wished to investigate the mystery, he would not permit them, and he refused an offer of twenty thousand francs from the government if he would reveal his secret. At last a scientific commission was appointed to examine the subject. Of this body Benjamin Franklin was a member. The result of the inquiry was the presentation of a report in which Mesmer was denounced as an unmitigated humbug, and his practice charlatanism in its worst form.

Mesmer continued, however, to be successful for many years, and he not only had plenty of patients, but several pupils, whom he instructed in his art. It is to one of these disciples that mesmerism in its present form is attributable. The Marquis de Puységur, after leaving the school of Mesmer, returned to his estate near Soissons. Here, shortly afterward, he took occasion to mesmerize the daughter of his agent and another young person for the toothache, and they declared themselves in a few moments cured. This success led M. de Puységur, a few days later, to try his hand on a young peasant named Victor, who was very ill from an affliction of his chest. The operator himself was surprised when, at the end of a few moments, Victor went off into a kind of tranquil sleep, without crisis or convulsion, and in that state he began to talk and gesticulate, and to enter into his private affairs. Victor remained asleep for an hour, and awoke composed, with his symptoms mitigated.

The case of Victor revolutionized the art of mesmerism. No machinery of any kind was used to throw him into a trance, but M. de Puységur merely made a few passes with his hands, and the effect was greater and far better than it had been under Mesmer's elaborate process. Mesmer indeed seems to have achieved the same result by manipulation, but he passed it by unheeded as only one of the many forms of "the salutary crisis," and the honor of the discovery therefore belongs to his more enterprising and practical pupil. It is the system of passes with the hand that has been used exclusively in our day, and, in fact, ever since the death of Mesmer, in 1815.

The number in which persons are mesmerized now under the system of De Puységur is interesting, and we will describe it. The room should not be too light; very few persons should be present. The patient and operator should be quiet, tranquil and composed; the patient should, if possible, be fasting. The operator then has only to sit down before the patient, who is likewise sitting, with his hands resting on his knees and gently closed, with the thumbs upward. The operator then places his hands half open upon those of the patient, as it were taking thumbs. This is a more convenient attitude than taking hands in the ordinary way. The operator and patient then only have to sit still. If the patient is susceptible, he will soon become drowsy, and perhaps be entranced at the first sitting. Instead of this, the two hands of the operator may be held horizontally, with the fingers pointed to the patient's forehead, and either maintained in this position or brought downward in frequent passes opposite the patient's face, shoulders and arms, the points of the fingers being held as near the patient as possible without touching.

When it is desired to awake the patient, the operator lays his thumbs on the space between the eyebrows, and vigorously rubs the eyebrows, smoothing them from within outward seven or eight times. Upon this the patient probably raises his head and his eyebrows, draws a deeper breath, as if he would yawn; he is half awake, and blowing upon the eyebrows or the repetition of the previous operation, or dusting the forehead with smart transverse wavings of the hand or blowing upon it, causes the patient's countenance to become animated; the eyelids open, he looks about him, recognizes you, and begins to speak. If any feeling of heaviness remains, any weight or pain in the forehead, another repetition of the same manipulations makes all right. And yet a patient awakened in this manner could not have been aroused if a gun had been fired at his ear or his arm had been cut off.

The benefit that is derived from these trances is that so long as they are maintained, so long is the nervous system in a state of repose; and as it is tolerably certain that there are few diseases in which the nervous system is not primarily or secondarily implicated, the trance may be used with good effect in almost all cases. The first instance in which a surgical operation was performed on a patient in this state was in the celebrated case of Madame Plantin. This occurred about fifty years ago. The lady was sixty-four years of age, and suffered from a cancer of the breast. The operation of removing it was performed in Paris, and it lasted from ten to twelve minutes. During the whole time the patient in her trance conversed calmly with the surgeon, and exhibited not the slightest sign of suffering. Her expression of countenance did not change, nor was the voice, the breathing or the pulse affected. After the wound was dressed, the patient was awakened from the trance, when, on learning that the operation was over, Madame Plantin was affected with considerable emotion, whereupon the surgeon, to compose her, put her back into the state of trance.

Since this experiment was tried, mesmerism has been used in thousands of cases to make surgical operations painless, but of late years a quicker and more certain method of procuring insensibility and unconsciousness has been found in ether and chloroform, and the mesmerists

have been remanded to the ranks of quackery. Even now, however, physicians here and there use the system for the purpose of tranquillizing the nerves of some of their patients, but these men are very few in number.

One difficulty in the way of using mesmerism is that very many persons cannot be thrown into the trance. In some cases a common fit of hysterics is produced; in others slight headache and a sense of weight on the eyebrows and difficulty of raising the eyelids supervene.

When a patient is rightly mesmerized, and falls into a "waking" trance, he hears and answers the questions of the operator, and moves each limb or rises from his chair, as the operator's hand is raised to draw him into obedient following. In fact, he adopts sympathetically every movement of the other, yet his eyes are closed, and he certainly does not see. In some cases it is asserted, upon what seems good authority, that the patient not only has no sensibility of his own, but he feels, tastes and smells everything that is made to tell upon the senses of the operator. If mustard or sugar be put in his own mouth, he seems not to know it is there; if mustard be placed upon the tongue of the operator, the entranced person expresses great disgust, and acts as if trying to spit it out. If you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the patient complains of the pain you give him. In other cases it is alleged that a new sense of sight is developed, and that when an article is held to the back of the head, or to the ear, or to the chin, or wherever the power of vision seems strangely transposed, it can be seen and described. One authority assures us that he had a patient who when entranced saw from a small surface of the scalp just behind the left ear. The same writer mentions a governess in a family near his home who, when blindfolded, could read a book held in any position by placing her finger-tips near the page. A certain Dr. Petetin, discussing the phenomena of the subject, says that one of his patients when mesmerized heard entirely with the pit of her stomach; and that if any one touched her in that place with his left hand, and whispered into his right, she could hear him. Another authority says that he has known patients to be strongly affected by the imagination of the operator; so that if the latter thought intensely of any object, the patient had the perfect image of the article in his mind.

Some of these stories seem tolerably tough, and the reader may believe them or not just as he chooses. There is plenty of humbug in mesmerism, as in almost everything else in this fallen world. But certain things about the art or the science, or whatever it is, cannot be disputed successfully. Probably most of the persons who read this paper have at some time seen feats performed by mesmerists upon individuals whose honesty could not be doubted, which proved that a trance can be produced, and that the operator can exercise absolute power over the patient. The writer of this article has seen a young girl who was thrown into a trance, then blindfolded, and then entirely removed from the vicinity of the operator, read a card held with the back to the top of her head as easily as any one could read it with the eye. And this was when the card was held by a bigoted unbeliever in the whole business, and when collusion and trickery were utterly impossible. The same girl immediately afterward was placed out of sight behind an impenetrable barrier, with two or three responsible persons with her to watch her, and she described without hesitation the attitude and appearance of individuals upon the other side of the barrier.

Dancing and singing and crying at the bidding of the operator we have seen frequently. We can vouch also for the fact that patients have been unable to move an arm or a leg when forbidden to do so, and that when the operator chose to make a particular spot sensitive or insensible, he could cause the patient to feel the pain of a blow or to remain unconscious of it.

These are things which cannot be cried down or laughed away. We admit that knaves have practised deception under the pretence of being mesmerists, and that quacks have done much by their foolery to bring it into disrepute. But the fact remains that trance can be produced in many persons, and that while in such a condition individuals are subject to him who produced the trance. Mesmerism has been practised in this country for many years, principally by itinerant showmen, who give exhibitions at public-halls in small towns; and in closing the subject it may be appropriate to relate how one of these gentlemen was deceived by a patient. The latter was a street-boy. The professor made passes over the youngster's face; and when sleep seemed to come, the operator informed the audience that he would now prove his power over the boy. He extended the boy's arm, and showed the spectators that its owner could not move it. It was inflexible. The limb must remain rigid until the operator gave permission to drop it. Then the professor said he would demonstrate the fact unmistakably. He placed a quarter of a dollar upon the table, and said, "My son, you may have that if you can take it." One moment of suspense; then quick as lightning the arm descended, the dirty hand seized the coin, and the boy smiled a bland and contented smile. The professor then said perhaps it would be better to conclude the performance, and he mesmerized no more in that village.

BAD news comes from the land of perfumes—Grasse. Violets are terribly scarce this year, the price being as high as 1s. 7d. per lb. Roses also, which ordinarily sell for a trifle over 2d. per lb., are now eagerly brought for 9d.

HOW A MAN AND HIS WIFE PUT UP A STOVE.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and have your wife put away the pipe in a secure place, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe, and the chair; and here she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist, and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of your rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents worth of pot black on her nose, and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling her that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as: "What's the use of swearing so?" "You ain't got any more patience than a child." "Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes off, and reappears with an armful more of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pieces are alike. You join the ends, and work them to and fro, and take them apart again and look at them. Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But she doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awfully exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm, and a long-handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is some people never have any trouble in putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare into the pipe and along the mantel, and down on the stove, and off to the floor. Your wife watches you intently, and is finally thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after, and on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go out doors, and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of brick buildings, but she merely observes, "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare like a dummy?" When that part of the pipe which goes through the wall is up, she keeps it up with her broom while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms are slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets. Here your wife comes to the rescue by inquiring if you are going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think her arms are made of cast iron and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jibs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with its load of fried soot, and then the chair tilts forward enough to discharge your feet, and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with force enough to bankrupt a piledriver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down the street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to the neighbors with her chair, and tells them about its injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry of its sympathy long before you get home.—*Danbury News.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

GLOVES are never worn in the presence of Royalty, to show there is no hostile intention.

During the late war France lost over 7,000 guns, 700,000 Chassepots, and 500,000 other muskets.

THE archer fish, *Toxotes jaculator*, supplies itself with food by spitting drops of water at flies as they rest upon grass stalks on the edge of the stream. The fish seldom fails to hit and bring down the fly at which he aims.

THERE are 47 licensed playhouses in London, or 51 if the Crystal Palace, North Woolwich Gardens, Deptford and Greenwich theatres are included. As many as 23 of these have sprung into existence during the last ten years.

A TOMBSTONE near London announces:—

"Here lies the body of Nancy H. Gynn, Who was so very pure within, She burst her outer shell of sin, And hatched herself a cherubin."

THE King of Italy has just presented to the Empress of Russia a marvellous table in Mosaic of Florence manufacture, from the studio of Enrico Bosi. It is round, and about 4 feet in diameter. The design represents Apollo and the nine Muses.

TURKISH PORTERS.—The strength and dexterity of the "hamals" of Constantinople in carrying

ing enormous burdens are proverbial; and it is surprising to see one of these poor Eastern porters quietly plodding his way up or down some hilly street with a perfect mountain of material piled upon his back. The loads they carry are most miscellaneous; but even old residents were lately astonished to see a "hamal" staggering along the Grande Rue de Pera with a large four-wheel carriage—all complete except the horses—lashed on to his porter's knot.

DENTISTRY ON A LARGE SCALE.—A short time ago the old male hippopotamus, an immense animal, in the London Zoological Gardens suffered much from a decayed tooth. Mr. Bartlett, superintendent of the gardens, determined to pull out the tooth. He ordered the blacksmith to make a pair of "tooth forceps," and a tremendous pair they were. The "bite" of the forceps just fitted the tooth of the hippopotamus. By skilful management, Bartlett managed to seize master hippo's tooth as he put his head through the bars. The hippo, roaring frightfully, pulled one way, Bartlett and the keepers pulled the other, and at last out came the tooth and hippo soon got well again.

The diet of the ancients differed greatly from ours. The ancient Greeks and Romans used no alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them, nor coffee nor tea, nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter; for Galen informs us he had seen butter but once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of our tropical spices, as clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, Jamaica pepper, curry, pimento. They used neither buckwheat nor French beans, nor spinach, nor sago, tapioca, salad, arrowroot, nor potato and its varieties; nor even the common, but a sort of marshgrown bean, nor many of our fruits, as the orange, tamarind, nor American maize. On the other hand, they ate substances which we now neglect—the mallo, the herb, oxtongue, the sweet acorn, the lupin. They liked the flesh of wild asses, of little dogs, of the dormouse, of the fox, of the bear. They ate the flesh of paroquets and other rare birds, and of lizards. They were fond of a great many fish, and shell fish, which we now hold in no esteem. They employ as seasoning, rue and asafetida.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A CABBAGE leaf in the crown of the hat is asserted to be a preventive of sunstroke.

A MAGNET powerful enough to carry more than twenty-two times its own weight was recently exhibited by M. Jamin, its maker, at a meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

A GREEN meteor, far brighter than any star or planet, and seeming to have a short tail, was seen by Commander Edmund H. Verney of the British man-of-war *Grouler*, while on a recent cruise off Cape Matapan, the southern point of Greece. So that officer writes to *Nature*.

THE sole of the boot for summer should be of medium thickness, but rather thicker than thinner, so that the surface of the sole of the foot may be thoroughly protected from the ground and stones. The disadvantage of a thin sole is that it produces callouses at the bottom of the foot, at the parts corresponding to the bones where they are formed.

SUPPRESSION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is said that the art of photography was discovered and practised with success in London 100 years ago, but was suppressed at the instance of the Government, who feared that if it became known it would be employed by forgers and counterfeiters of bank notes. It appears that there are in existence photographs taken 100 years ago, and now in the South Kensington Museum.

A STATEMENT of his researches concerning flax has recently been published in Europe by Dr. Oswald Heer, the distinguished botanist. It appears that flax has been cultivated in Egypt for about five thousand years. Curiously enough it is found in the ancient lake villages of the stone epoch in Switzerland, where no traces of hemp or wool have been discovered. It has been conjectured that the impossibility of shearing with the implements which they possessed, accounts for the absence of wollen fabrics among the lake dwellers; for the sheep, which is one of the oldest of domestic animals, was known in the stone period. The shore of the Mediterranean, according to Dr. Heer, was the original home of cultivated flax.

DOUBT has often been expressed as to the correctness of accounts of electric fire balls said to have been seen in thunder-storms. Mr. S. Broughton recently sent the following communication on the subject to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society: "At the request of Mr. Baxendell I communicate an observation of such discharge, seen during the approach of a storm, in 1854 or 1855, when walking from Altrincham to Temperley. On the edge of a cloud near the east horizon a flash of lightning was seen, and a ball, apparently the size of one from a Roman candle, shot upward through an arc of twenty or thirty degrees. I cannot say that it went to another cloud, but that would most likely be so, as my attention was taken up watching the progress of the electric ball."

EFFECTS OF VEGETABLE PERFUMES ON HEALTH.—An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medical researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxydizing influence. The essences found to develop the largest quantity

of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemons, fennel, and bergamot; those that give it in smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg, and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley, develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts and in all places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxydizing influence of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

CHARCOAL FOR POULTRY.—The benefit which fowls derive from eating charcoal is, I believe, acknowledged. The method of putting it before them is, however, not well understood. Pounded charcoal is not in the shape in which fowls usually find their food, and consequently is not very enticing to them. I have found that corn burnt on the cob, and the refuse which consists almost entirely of the grains reduced to charcoal, and still retaining their perfect shape, placed before them is greedily eaten by them, with a marked improvement in their health, as is shown by the brighter color of their combs, and their soon producing a greater average of eggs to the flock than before.—*Cor. Poultry World*.

STARTING BALKY HORSES.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes: I have a plan that seldom fails to start the unruly animal in a few minutes, and if persevered in, generally effects a permanent cure, but it is too difficult of application to become generally useful. Have with you a small quantity of whole corn, and when a remedy is needed go gently to the horse's head with a handful, and coax him with caresses while he eats from the hand. Attempt to lead him, holding the corn a little way before him, and when he goes quietly and shows that his temper has subsided, leave him with his mouth full of corn, get in the vehicle and speak to him to go on, using quiet manners just as if nothing was wrong; and if he refuses apply the same treatment again, and again if necessary, until success attends. Perhaps it may not be clear to the reader what the difficulty is in applying this remedy. It is in the worse than balking disposition of the driver, who would rather succeed once in twenty times by passionately whipping, than nineteen times in twenty by gentleness. Only a gentle man can manage a balking horse, and while there are plenty of gentlemen in society, there are not so many gentle men in the treatment of animals.

WOODEN COLLARS.—The Maryland Farmer prints the following argument in favor of wooden collars: The present huge collar chokes the horse in Summer, and chills him through the lungs in Winter. A collar made of white basswood or other light, tough wood, would never heat, gall, or chill a horse. Experience has demonstrated that a hard wooden surface, polished and kept clean, is the safest, coolest, best and healthiest collar ever used. They will only weigh one-third as much as ordinary collars, and unite hames and collar in one. No rough surfaces are worked up; no sweat is absorbed to cook a scald; fresh air passes round the collar, evaporating the moisture and keeping the skin dry; the hair is not chafed and fretted. During the war, it was found necessary to remove an equipment factory in the South, 500 miles. The number of collars for the teams employed was insufficient by forty, which number was made of wood, polished, and tied on by ropes on each end. At the end of the tiresome journey, all the horses and mules that used the ordinary collars were severely galled—nearly ruined, and for a long time unfit for service; whilst those that wore the wooden collars were ungalled and ready for use as usual. Several planters, also being unable to procure collars during the war, made them of wood, and conducted their business with success, and comfort to their mules and horses.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

THE most noble feeling of the heart is true love.

A GREAT man will never be a disappointed man.

BEWARE of substituting quantity for quality in education.

COMPARE what you have done with what you might have done.

RESOLVE, and keep your resolution, choose, and pursue your choice.

HAPPINESS grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.

TROOPS would never be deficient in courage if they knew how deficient in it their enemies were.

SOME good, loving, self-sacrificing deed will transform the homeliest face into beauty and sanctity.

PLEASURE, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we strive to grasp it, it still eludes us, and still glitters.

THAT writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

THINGS right in themselves are more likely to be hindered than advanced by an injudicious zeal for promoting them.

If a man deceives thee trust him not again. If he insults thee go away from him, and if he strikes thee thrash him like smoke.

In all your dealings be perfectly honest and upright, and as much as possible avoid all mistakes in the transaction of business.

GOOD WILL.—The good will of the benefactor is the fountain of all benefits; nay, it is the benefit itself—or, at least, the stamp that makes it valuable and current.

ONE of the saddest things about human nature is that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot and a castaway.

THOROUGHREDS AND SNARLERS.—A thoroughbred dog will not yelp, even if you pluck him up by the ear. A snarler will be sure to set other dogs snarling, and perhaps biting.

NEW TRUTHS.—One great impediment to a rapid dissemination of new truths is, that a knowledge of them would convict many sage professors of having long promulgated error.

A MOTHER has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house, and, if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, she will pay her particular attention in this respect.

EDUCATION begins with a mother's or a father's nod, with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand or a brother's forbearance; with pleasant walks, and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to the Almighty himself.

HOW TO GET ALONG.—Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted.

Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say No. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use your own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Young men, cut this out, and, if there be any folly in the argument, let us know.

FAMILY MATTERS.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of saleratus, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make about as stiff as pound cake; flavor with lemon.

JENNIE'S CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus and two cups of flour. Beat the ingredients well together, and bake in a moderate oven. A cup of raisins improves it. Use any kind of flavoring preferred.

SUGAR CANDY.—Of sugar, one-third; of water, two-thirds. For one pint of sugar put in one tablespoonful of vinegar, being careful not to stir it while boiling or it will grain. To tell when it is done put a little in cold water, and when it breaks off short and brittle it is boiled enough. Flavor with anything you please just as it is ready to take off. Have ready buttered pans to pour it into, and be careful it does not get very cold or it will not pull. Hickorynut kernels in part make an excellent variety. Be careful to boil it in tin or new porcelain, as it is easily colored.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Wash the hands thoroughly, and then put on the gloves, and wash them, as though you were washing your hands, in a basin containing spirits of turpentine, until quite clean; then hang the gloves up in a warm place, or where there is a free current of air, which will carry off all the smell of the turpentine. Or make a strong lather of soap and warm water, in which steep a small piece of new flannel. Place the glove on a flat, clean and unyielding surface, such as the bottom of a dish; and having thoroughly soaped the flannel (when squeezed from the lather) rub the kid till all dirt be removed, cleaning and resoaping the flannel from time to time. Care must be taken to clean every part of the glove by turning it in every direction. The gloves must be dried in the sun or before a moderate fire, and when dry, they must be gradually pulled out; they will then look as well as new. To clean colored kid gloves, have ready on a table a clean towel folded three or four times, a saucer of new milk and another saucer containing a piece of brown soap. Take one glove at a time, and spread it smoothly on the folded towel. Then dip in the milk a piece of flannel, rub it on the soap till it receives a tolerable quantity, and then with the soaped flannel commence rubbing the gloves. Begin at the wrist, and rub lengthwise toward the ends of the fingers, holding the glove firmly in the right hand. Continue this process until the glove is cleaned all over with the soap and milk. When done, spread them out, and pin them on a line to dry gradually. When nearly dry, pull them out evenly, the crossway of the leather, after which stretch them on your hands.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

A HEAD-WIND—A sneeze.

FLOATING capital—Venice.

A CORN extractor—A crow.

A SMART thing—A mustard plaster.

A WATERSPOUT—A teetotal oration.

A SERIOUS turn—Twisting one's neck.

A PHOTOGRAPHER's epitaph—Taken from life.

THE mitten that never fits—The one you get from a lady.

A WELL-TIMED visit—Calling for the Queen's taxes on the Queen's birthday.

A MAN's dearest object should be his wife, but sometimes it is his wife's wardrobe.

A GERMAN has discovered a new industry that demands no capital and no special endowments in the mat trade. The way to obtain a stock-in-trade, he says, is to walk up to the front door of a dwelling-house, take a mat, go home and wash it, and then go back and sell it to the former owner. The profits are immense.

OUR PUZZLER.

1. REBUS.

A viscous gum and acid fruit,
If mix'd aright, proclaim
A city found in Canada,
Deserving highest fame.

S. MOORE, Quebec.

2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first doth name a British King
Who bravely bore his woes,
When from his home to foreign shores
Led captive by his foes.

An instrument my second is
Of very ancient fame;
When lightly touched by bards of old,
Of love it fann'd the flame.

A country scorched by burning suns
My third will now be seen;
The heathen race, all deck'd in gems,
Yield to our noble Queen.

My fourth displays a warlike tribe
Inured to deeds of blood;
But Rome, led forth by Cesar bold,
Its savage rage subdued.

My fifth will name a British Queen,
A mild and gentle one;
But whose brave armies took the field,
And noble vict'ries won.

Primals and finals, downward read,
Two countries will bring to your view;
One claims the oldest pedigree,
The other to this is quite new.

WINDOVER WORKMAN.

3. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

2001	and	An a on O
1101	"	earn a
253	"	a torn one
551	"	teeyu
101	"	banner she
200	"	o boat
150	"	ran fugue
2700	"	Oaotea
1102	"	any terror
1101	"	pentoatt

In the initials and finals of the above words will be found the names of two unfortunate queens.

ANNIE EASTBOURN.

4. ENIGMA.

1.

A paper sent from London city,
Full of cuts and writing witty,
As well as many a clever ditty,
About the things of State.

2.

When brother James was one and twenty,
This, the guests, they had in plenty;
Till the bowl was dry and empty,
And they were all elate.

S. H. ENSOR.

ANSWERS.

91. SQUARE WORDS—

1.	2.	3.	4.
SALT	WHARF	LADLE	FLOW
ALOE	HAGUE	AGAIN	LYRE
LOSS	AGENT	DATED	ORBS
TEST	RUNIC	LIEGE	WEST
FETCH ENDED			

92. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Cesar, Antony, Actium: thus—1, Canada; 2, AcCrington; 3, Egypt; 4, SIlgO; 5, AssuUption; 6, Romsey. 93. CHARADES.—1. Pict, your—(Picture). 2. Po, tent, ate—(Potentate). 3. Cam, o, mile—(Camomile).

94. DECAPITATIONS.—1. Oliver, liver, live, evil, vile, vell. 2. Glass, lass, ass, as. 3. Plate, late, ate, eat, at. 4. Finger, fringe, ring, gin, in. 5. Leave, lave, vale, ale, lea.

"IT."

IN TWO PARTS.

I.

"THE HORNET."

It was still the breathing-time of day in the back parlour of Mrs. Lutestring's well-known mantua-making establishment in Walker-street, S. W. That is to say, the twelve young ladies, including a niece of the proprietress, who had partaken of the mid-day meal, sat calmly in their chairs, waiting till the clock gave signal for another simultaneous descent into the silk and satin sea.

One hour being allowed for dinner, there generally remained some ten to twenty minutes, which portion—styled by Mrs. Lutestring "recreation"—was devoted by that lady to the cultivation of the minds of her young friends, and the advancement of their knowledge and her own in politics, belles lettres, general society, and dress, through the medium of that comprehensive publication, the Daily Essence of Everything.

"Political," read Mrs. Lutestring. "It is broadly stated that the forthcoming budget will meet the alarming deficit in double hair-pins, by a moderate impost on back hair." (Murmurs.)

"Littery," resumed Mrs. Lutestring, who, though far from ill-informed, was not a brilliant scholar. "We understand that of the work just announced by the young German authoress who writes under the hem—the ps—psu—pussydom of 'O-ya,' nearly fifteen thousand copies have been ordered by the trade."

"Having been favored with a sight of the new visiting-bonnet—a diadem of velvet headed by pleated lace, Catalan veil, a natural bird's wing—"

"Shop, 'm!" remarked one of the young ladies timidly.

Mrs. Lutestring, though strict and somewhat stern in business hours, was of a kind and candid nature. With an indulgent smile, she admitted the impeachment, and passed on:

"It is whispered that, so meagre has been the take of pilchards, none can be spared for exportation."

"Why 'whispered?' inquired somebody.

"Why couldn't they say it out?"

"Not to wound their feelings, if fish has any," said Mrs. Lutestring, half-jocularly.

"Not to alarm the herrings," suggested her niece, Susan, laughing merrily.

"The long-looked-for nuptials of the Lady Sigismunda Picklethwaite with Sir Derelict Dashwood were celebrated with extraordinary pomp on Wednesday. The bride's dress presented features of unusual interest. Over a rich white sat—"

"Shop! shop! shop! aunt!" exclaimed Susan, her pretty dark blue eyes swimming with mirth. They had beneath them faintly-pencilled shadows, and if a sister shade was perceptible on Susan's delicate upper lip no one would presume to call that which gave harmony and character to one of the prettiest faces in London a moustache.

"Highly-tighty!" said Mrs. Lutestring, as her eye lit upon another passage. "Well, this is a odd advertisement! Well, if ever! Seventy-five pounds a year! Nothing to do! And, gracious! just listen:

"Wanted.—A female attendant, to wait occasionally upon a complete recluse. Personal labor extremely small. Essential qualities: intelligence, cheerfulness, firmness, secrecy. And—well!" cried Mrs. Lutestring, sinking back in her chair, and bursting into hearty laughter, "what—what do you think?"

"What, 'm? Oh, please, 'm, what?" was the general cry.

Mrs. Lutestring, breathless, could not reply, and Susan, a spoiled favorite, caught the paper from her aunt's lap, found the place in a second, and proclaimed aloud:

"And dark blue eyes!"

"Seventy-five pounds!" said Fanny Sloper.

"For only looking through one's eyes!" added Susan Lutestring.

"What will she have to do?" asked another curious voice.

"Tend on the—hem!—the recluse," replied Mrs. Lutestring.

"Please, 'm, what is a recluse?" asked one of the younger girls.

"Ahem!" said the mistress.

Few knew better than the querist the ordinary meaning of "ahem." But this did not hit the point. She asked again.

Mrs. Lutestring paused, glanced at the clock, half hoping it would come to her rescue.

"Monk," prompted her niece, in an undertone.

"Monkey," responded Mrs. Lutestring, intrepidly. "Peculiar specious, very rare, and mischievous."

"Two!" proclaimed the clock. And the circle broke up.

Susan Lutestring lingered.

"Aunt, dear."

"Well, child?"

"Dark blue eyes."

"What then?"

"Mine are dark blue."

"Is they?" said Mrs. Lutestring, indifferently. "That reminds me," she added, sharply; "you're not to tend to Her Highness the Princess Brenildis von Mustikoff next time. Let Fanny Sloper do it."

"Thank goodness," cried Susan, in a glow of gratitude. "But, aunt, why did my eyes put you in mind of her?"

"She don't like 'em," said Mrs. Lutestring. "Hers are whity-brown," remarked Susan, meditatively.

"Praps that's the reason," said her aunt. "Anyhow, she must have her way. She's worth twenty other customers. She don't like you, nor yet your eyes. So keep out of her way. Do you know, I'm thinking of having a nice spiral staircase run up through the back of the workroom express for her? She don't like being hustled."

"I'd hustle her," muttered Susan, under her breath. "Well, but, aunt, about that advertisement?"

"Well?"

"Seventy-five pounds! Aunt, who knows if—would you mind?"

"Mind what?"

"You tell me I am often lazy, and I know I'm a slow workwoman, and I'm—"

"A little too high and mighty for our sort of work, eh?" said her aunt, laughing. "But, nonsense, child; here's a fancy!"

"Dear aunt, let us at least answer the advertisement, and get particulars."

"Particulars of waiting on a ape!" ejaculated Mrs. Lutestring.

remain. You are wanted, as I understand, rather to be at hand, and qualify yourself for the future charge of—of our client, than to undertake any immediate active duty. All I can add is that the party is neither an invalid nor a lunatic. It req—ahem—he requires but little attendance, at any time, and indeed the chief agent in that particular is the mother, a refined and rather delicate woman, for whom assistance may at any time become absolutely necessary. So, you see, there is little room for alarm."

Susan at once replied that she saw none at all.

"There is a certain amount of mystery," continued Mr. Allbright. "But that you will not mind, and I may mention, lastly, that should you, after the residence of a week or two, desire to withdraw from the engagement, you will be at liberty to do so, and all expenses will be liberally paid. But I do not think that will come to pass. We happen to know enough of Mrs. Lutestring to absolve us from the necessity of appealing to any other reference, and are strongly of opinion that both parties will be gainers by this most satisfactory arrangement. If convenient you can go down to-morrow."



"VISITING THE SICK."

Susan deferred explanations to a less hurried moment, and, catching up the paper read:

"Address, with carte de visite, Messrs. Strait-up and Allbright—sols.—130, Lincoln's-inn-fields."

Mrs. Lutestring hesitated. She was herself not without curiosity on the subject.

"Well, well," she said, assentingly.

So Susan wrote.

The carte de visite must have been satisfactory. With singular promptitude, a reply was received from Lincoln's-inn-fields, making an appointment for the succeeding day, and, in due course, Susan found herself curtsying to Mr. Allbright, and being motioned to the comfortable chair, in which that gentleman's fairer clients usually ensconced themselves when a prolonged chat was toward.

Mr. Allbright was a handsome-featured man, of middle age, with grizzled hair, and a quick and searching eye, which, like an awl, seemed to make the hole into which his question was to be poured.

"You are firm, intelligent, cheerful, and discreet?" said Mr. Allbright, glancing at the advertisement, a slip of which lay on his desk. "As to the last, can you keep a secret?"

"If required, sir," replied Susan, demurely, thrilling with curiosity.

"I've none to tell you," said the lawyer. "In some points, we are as much in the dark as you are, and as you may, possibly for some time,

Here is the address, and money for your journey."

Susan made her acknowledgements, and prepared to withdraw.

"As touching the qualification mentioned last in our advertisement," observed Mr. Allbright, glancing in his visitor's face, as he walked beside her to the door, "the whim may seem singular—you know we are not responsible for all the caprices of a client—but I think we have been fortunate enough to carry out our unusual instructions in a most efficient manner. Ha, ha! Good day, Miss Lutestring. Two steps if you please."

The card, handed her by Mr. Allbright, bore the address: "Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy. The Hornet, Grandchester."

As Susan hurried homeward, she mentally concocted a respectful announcement to the lady of the Hornet, intimating her intention to present herself at Grandchester on the next day but one.

The interval was spent in needful preparations, warmly promoted by her good-natured relative, who, relieved from the apprehension that Susan's duty was to attend upon a chimpanzee, was almost as curious as herself as to what the mysterious "it" would prove to be. Upon this point Susan pledged herself to forward the earliest and fullest explanation that should be consistent with the discretion re-

quired of her, and with this understanding was sped upon her way.

Grandchester, some hours' railway travel from London, is a fine old cathedral town, which, lying a little aloof from the great highways of commerce, has been somewhat left behind in the general march of improvement; but finds comfort in the preservation of many a time-honored structure, many a venerable historical relic, which might have been called upon to succumb to the inexorable demands of modern taste and modern ideas of the apt and convenient. Not to mention its cathedral, Grandchester possesses a cross—the most ancient in England—a ruined castle, a Saxon church, and a museum overflowing with local antiquities. The Romans, there was no doubt, were partial to the ancient city, and, at their final departure, left behind, with more than their accustomed liberality, pots, pans, old sword-hilts, and pieces of small money, to an unprecedented amount.

On arriving at the station, Miss Lutestring deemed it wisest to charter one of the attendant vehicles, the driver of which, at the mention of the Hornet, dashed away with an alacrity that proved him to be entirely familiar with the name.

Susan, who had rather expected a suburban drive, and to be ultimately deposited in some sequestered precinct, adapted to the taste of a recluse, found herself rattling merrily into the heart of the bustling, well-lighted town, and only relaxing in speed when, turning into the High-street, the number of carriages of different kinds, still on the move, compelled greater caution.

(To be concluded in our next.)

\$133,275.

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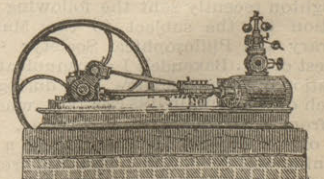
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